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Yale Lectures on Preaching

The Minister
and
The Spiritual Life

By
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(*From the Records of the Corporation of Yale College, April 12, 1871.*)

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Note

It will be understood that none of these lectures was delivered in its entirety on the occasion for which it was prepared. All of the statements here, however, were made in answering the questions of students and in addresses made in the course of the author's visit to Yale Divinity School, in the spring of 1911.

Certain statements already used in his volumes "Paths to Power" and "Paths to the City of God" have been repeated.

F. W. G.

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LECTURE I

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE AND ITS EXPRESSION IN AND THROUGH MINISTRY

LECTURE I

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE AND ITS EXPRESSION IN AND THROUGH MINISTRY

I AM not come to recommend spirituality to you, my young brethren. When a thing so imperative and self-sufficing as spirituality permits recommendation and recommendation only, it is doubtful if it may get a hearing at all, or ought to expect it. When honesty must be urged upon the community because it is the best policy, a hard time for honesty has come; and it will be more difficult to keep people honest in any essential way, partly because of the increasing evidence that at last becomes overwhelming—that it is the best policy. It is at least not policy at all to allow ennobling reasons or just motives for honesty to shrivel and to become atrophied, while we entertain the less noble, or ignoble reasons in the intellect, or motives for the will, in the direction of what is of

itself sufficing and, like beauty, its own excuse for being.

No! I shall not recommend spirituality, but I will begin with the understanding between us that, without it, the breath of life is not in the nostrils of the minister of Christ. God is His own satisfaction, and the spiritual life alone has in it the hope and process of man's Becoming and Being. It is, therefore, the experience of Godlikeness. As Being is deeper than Doing, it is to the perennial fountain of all worthy doing that I come at once. Just to be and maintain one's self as a man made in God's image means spirituality of living. The highest revelation of man is in Christ Jesus and through Christ Jesus. His presence in the world, both before and after His advent, furnishes a new and unique spiritualization of human facts and forces—a filling them full, even to the uttermost, until the Christian ministry comes to be both the expression and finer form of its operation.

The mystery of our existence is solved only in the mystery of being and becoming

something of worth. The smaller deepens into the larger mystery. The mystery of being can be contemplated and endured only in the mystery of life—life as a means to an end, life as furnishing the opportunity and processes by which worth is attained. If in any religious program for man this appears a bit foggy and cloudy, let us know that we are in the vicinity of the great sea, and at a certain temperature. It is strange and exhilarating to experience the clearing-up of fog and cloud, in the ever-deepening mystery of being through living.

Superb and joyous vitality lifts the sky to unwonted heights where the soul is at home and more self-respectful and more unafraid, than beneath an apparently lower sky clouded o'er. Vitality is everything in its strengthening the organism against mere environment—a thing of which the preacher gets unhealthfully conscious oftentimes, especially

> "When the light is low,
> When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick
> And tingle; and the heart is sick,
> And all the wheels of Being slow."

In any account of the spiritual life, we must agree that life has a greater secret and a wider play of intelligence, emotion, and purpose than are implied in the statement that it is "harmonization with one's environment." To set one's self against one's environment often is to save one's self and beneficently to transform the environment. Heredity and environment are not such tyrannous words as they once were, partly because we who are to minister, even if we know nothing of the results of modern scientific and philosophical thinking, begin in the conviction first appearing in our own minds that the central personality of the human being we minister unto is not in the hands of his ancestors or in the fatality of circumstances. The wider induction, with our sense of obligation and ill-desert, has made havoc of the assumed omnipotence lately and conveniently called heredity and environment. The preacher must be vital himself to communicate any cogent statement of this truth to others. He must have felt the spring to sing its vernal songs; and to affect the expansive life of

man influenced by him, he must have experienced a definite spiritualization of his faculties. This secures and gives character to his inlook and outlook. Ours is the religion arising from God's manifestation of Himself in humanity. Its ministry, therefore, is both divine and human. The history of Christianity is the history of a ministry which is the personal outgoing through service, by lips and hand, of an inner experience consequent upon a spiritualizing inflow of the divine upon the human in us.

To recommend spirituality, therefore, even to champion its claim as an indispensable fact and factor in ministering, is to put out of sight the divine order, and to lose the vision of the cause in our anxiety as to the effect and its good fortune. "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding," "Without vision the people perish," "Be ye spiritual," "The spirit beareth witness with our spirit that we are born of God,"—these are but a few of the words immortal which help to constitute a delineation of what man is essen-

tially, and, especially, what he is in the attaining of himself through his life in God, the Father of all Spirits. Perhaps one of the very weaknesses most to be lamented, as we falter and fail in handling the Christian realities that are ever to be spoken of in the pulpit or carried to men through our shepherding of souls, comes from our inadequate perception of the primacy of spiritual realities and their inherent right to be supreme.

If the poet must insist that beauty is its own excuse for being, and a philosopher of æsthetics proves that if one does not respond to the beautiful for the sake of the beautiful itself, he has—to use a New Testament word, —"been condemned already." He is lost to beauty as beauty, whatever estimates he may have of its subsidiary values. How much more, then, do we need at once to perceive and stand in our proper attitude towards spirituality of life. The right attitude for us is not one in which we are "condemned already" by the fact that we have no passion for spirituality in itself. It is one in which we are placed because we are already saved by the power of an endless

life—life whose endlessness comes of the perennial quality of spirituality. We are saved in the fact that spirituality guarantees a personal perpetuity consequent upon living in and through things eternal.

Let us begin, then, with the only event of our biography which has rightly brought us here. Let us get things in proper order, for we have entered the ministry, not to obtain spirituality or to take it on the recommendation of any one, because spirituality of life may have, and does have valuable consequences assuring us of effectiveness in our work. No; we have entered the ministry in response to a causative influence within us, a realization of our spiritual essence, its prerogatives and privileges, its hopes and sovereignties of influence. We are here because the inner vitalities of faith and experience must blossom forth. Expression is the next thing for their life. They have involved plans for our further self-attainment and for the self-attainment of all humanity. All of these have been discovered in our relationship to Jesus Christ. All of these are to be wrought

out with increasing joy and blessing, as we manifest them, and, especially, their source in Jesus Christ, to others whom now we love with something of Christ's reasons and ardours for loving other men, because of a like potency of spirituality in them. No true ministry is possible for you and me on any other basis.

These lectures will be less than what I wish they may be, if they are not received as substantially the particular considerations which I have been invited to bring to you, my younger brethren, out of an age and atmosphere which my own ministry finds enforcing their own special commandment and method with increasing emphasis. I have lived with, and I hope I have helped to educate men who understand power and its uses in the process of man's attaining his own potencies and worths. An Institute of Technology is not entirely untheological. These hundreds of engineers have left me with certain ideas as to the efficiencies demanded of material and energy by the modern world. I am glad to say some of their equations have transformed or greatly increased the purposefulness and force

of my own methods as a minister. This has occurred to me the while I have discovered analogies which have amounted to startling correspondences, in the methods of Jesus our Master and of those who have reached and are attaining in some approximate degree His attitude and way of ministry.

At this particular juncture in the development of Christian enterprise, the minister's spirituality is, for various and often apparently opposing reasons, the most interesting item of all the facts and forces of human progress. Now, whether our churchly authorities are of the opinion that the spirituality of the Christian minister, in America especially, is the most interesting item among the facts and forces of human progress, as I have declared, I cannot say, but let me give you my conviction that, happily as I think for us, what we call "The World," which is to be recreated by the kingdom of the spirit, does certainly think so. The apparently opposing camps —the Church and the world, as we have so often too roughly named them—do not vie with one another, proposing questions as to

how we shall possibly get along in the development of our civilization without the minister's spirituality of life, as they once did. The world is in the Church too fully and freely to permit her to be ignorant of the world's way of thinking and worth, even if the Church knows of the world's collateral thoughtlessness and worthlessness. Christianity is no longer chiefly possessed, inhibited, and managed by the Church. It is out in the world and will never again be so exclusively an ecclesiastical asset and possession as it has been in the past. It is doubtful if the Church may longer consider herself seriously as possessing and exercising even a dominant control over the ideas, inspirations, or the consequences of the Christian religion. Humanity has seen the veil of the temple "rent in twain from the top to the bottom," as once before, and, now as then, this veil has been rent because the world has a resistless exemplification of the sovereignty of self-sacrifice in the passion of Christ on Calvary. It has heard that "the tabernacle of God is with men." Thoughtful people believe it. It has had a

vision of a city celestial with "no temple there." The world's interest in the ministry and what the ministry shall do, because of what the ministry is, in the citadel of its spirituality, is far more evident and aggressive than its interest in poetry, and even invention, and possibly in philanthropy as such. No other interest has so gripped the human soul. Man having been put into his place, in thinking, as "incurably religious" and set deliberately upon the "living of his life fully," that is set upon human self-realization, no one expects him to be satisfied with anything this side of a religion of humanity.

August Comte, an age since, with superb ritual and in spite of tiresome mechanisms, challenged the attention of the world in inaugurating a church of humanity. The thoughtful world sees that while he thought it was a religion of humanity established, it was in fact only a church, and then only so much of a church of humanity as one could fabricate without a religion. Man could not, and cannot, become his own God. However, the failure has rather stimulated than discour-

aged the effort of that Christianity which works outside of a church, as well as inside of the Church, or works outside of the Church chiefly, or even entirely—to hope and toil on expectantly in the same general direction. A religion of humanity we will have. Never did the heart of this old world so truly harmonize with the head, as now, in the conviction that we shall not, because we cannot, dispense with true priests. Our religion of humanity must bind us to the divine, even if we must exalt the human to that moral eminence. The minister will always be the minstrel of the soul, not because the words have a common root, but because certain realities are fundamentally one. The Church, by a superstition as to orders, and by the separation of a few men from their other fellow beings after some mechanical fashion duly associated with religious terminology, now and again may empty the ministry of its sublime meanings, as it certainly has, but even then the world will ever find pathways to the door of the man, who, better than any other, tells the soul of things spiritual. This is true, especially at

moments such as these in which we live. For our world has lived to the bottom of many interesting phenomena and now seeks the realities behind them. It is saying that all *things* are first and last *thinkings;* physical facts are seen to verge away spiritually and towards greater meanings and higher potencies; material interests end as interests; but the concerns of the soul widen and deepen and heighten immeasurably in interest. Leaving aside physics and metaphysics, the world is aware that our most alert and joyous faculties are done with the pleasures that are not continuously joyous, and with the smartnesses that grow feebler with the weight of life upon them. The equation of materialism, either speculative or practical, is no longer seriously used.

Is the Christian ministry on its merits? There is at least a good prospect. As long as the Church persists in enshrining the holiest tradition or associating any body of men, whose endowments and experiences do not reveal depths and heights of spiritual being, with the task of maintaining revered formula

and overawing ceremonial, or even with the police-duty of guarding the fearsome allegations of a once dominant theology, it may be difficult to find ground for hope. There will always be a certain proprietary interest in the long and rich investment from other ages which the conservative instinct must look out after. The instinct of maintaining the value of property as against some contemporary incursions of human progress works automatically or makes a product, the wheels of the old mill still turning after the power is exhausted. The most that can be accomplished by such as labour or hope in this condition is that they may save the form even if they lose the spirit. And while the Church hesitates and insists loudly that all she ever had is in safe keeping, the world will turn sadly away from this over-emphasis, and especially will it question any authority over conscience after it has found its lack of authority over common sense. It is a sad hour for ecclesiastical authority of any sort when the developed common sense of the world repudiates it. But something more happens. The world is

not dull. It fails not to behold certain things made startlingly evident by contrast with things in every other realm of life than that of church life. Its tremendous business instinct and energy compel human interest to move towards the essential. The only essential and distinctive thing in the minister's life and conduct is spirituality. His apparent success in being this or that, and his facility in doing this or that ever so brilliantly, does not dazzle the world ; it has long ago shut its eye and feels about searchingly, and almost pathetically, for the reality which the ministry in the last issue of the world's confidence must be held to possess—the secret and spring of the life of the world and himself—spirituality. The Christian Church exists that humanity may attain self-realization in and through the self-manifestation of God in Christ. Having agreed as to the essential thing in the life of the Church, the spirituality of its ministry is not only the elixir of its life ; it is the life itself. The world steps in to say that it will not permit this vital force to hold any secondary place, and that a social force

so immeasurably endowed with ideas and ideals, so completely and perennially engaging the ethical imagination of mankind, as the Christian ministry, must no longer lack the necessary imperative.

It does not require extraordinary piety to perceive this. One has only to be able to handle a social and ethical equation whose members represent ascertained forces; and the intellect of the modern world can do that. The Christian ministry must be more, in the direction which differentiates and must distinguish it from all other life pursuits, or it must be nothing. The world has had to do with efficients and co-efficients. It is using all its exhaust steam and is now finding that the dump of many an abandoned mine is, with its new and better economic processes, more valuable than the original mother-vein was without them. Because of the economy and efficiency of its methods of ore treatment, it is seeking for abandoned mines. It is no longer likely to revere, except as reminiscences and relics of a past more or less fascinating, the ecclesiastical machinery and edi-

fice. It will not bear any repetitious assertion of authority. It knows that in the nature and history it studies, the authority of power will take care of itself. It needs no committee of safety in progress. These things only serve to hide permanently valuable factors of human life. Certain conservative methods must abide, but these factors are made glorious without and within by ministerial spirituality quivering in the fire of central altars which fling their radiance out through a window otherwise dull and dust-covered, surcharging it instead with this flame's light which, pouring through it, makes it a revelation, without from within. The authority of that revelation is attested in the response of the eye to the vision. Every mental habit of the modern world goes driving towards the characteristic energy which it has the right to expect with the certain claims and material which are in evidence whenever the minister of Christ to me appears.

If these facts have already arrested your attention, I ask you to consider them with me, in view of indubitable wealth of oppor-

tunity for us who are servants of God and man, as we approach with our gospel the world's heart and life. By my use of the term "the world," I do not mean the world as a thing adequately described as a carnal, adulterous—because fallen—section of creation, but I refer to the thing Jesus came to save, which is called "the world" in the words, "And God so loved *the world* that He gave His only begotten Son." Now this "world" was in existence before formal Christianity came, and is therefore not the thing which our pious thought has somewhat loftily and patronizingly separated from the Church, seeing to it that it shall appear contrastingly dark with the expectation that the Church may appear contrastingly bright. "The world" does not mean a lot of *this worldly* people who are set against *other-worldliness*, especially the "world to come," as Christians view it. There is a world of true and eager thinking, of generous and broad philanthropy, of sinning and yet salvable humanity, of hoping and aspiring souls who have all the troubles and vexations, the losses

and crosses, which men distinctly identified with the Church also have. Certain it is that this world has made a mistake in not realizing that the Church of Jesus Christ is meant to be a means to an end, and that this end is righteousness, the rightening up of the world by the making of men righteous. But now it is this world which has a similar confidence with Christianity and a spiritualized Church. It is based on the fact that the world is not for the Church, but the Church is for the world; that nothing but the highest thing which all humanity may reach is a goal worthy of the struggle of either the Church or the world, whether it accepts the leadership of the Church in the world, and for the sake of the world, or not. It is fair to say that whether the world is right or not, the world has thought for many days that the Church is not authoritative; she has not been the spiritual leader she ought to have been, and she is not all in this direction that she ought to be. Slowly but surely the world is, at this moment, announcing this truth in its literature and at hours in which brave

and true human beings gather to make the world better. The world believes that the chief reason of the Church's inability lies in her lack of spiritual vision, and, indeed, of spiritual life, in those who are her constituted and avowed leaders. It is a critical situation. It has its holy indignations, if not the animosities arising from sickening disappointments no less acute because the word of our world is reality. The world is never so demonic with us as when we try to do what no grace has fitted us to do, especially with the world's demons. It was so at the first when these awful powers inherent in the Christian program were placed in human hands. Let us read the earlier story and see how modern it all is:

"Then certain of the vagabond Jews, exorcists, took upon them to call over them which had evil spirits the name of the Lord Jesus, saying, We adjure you by Jesus whom Paul preacheth. And there were seven sons of one Sceva, a Jew, and chief of the priests, which did so. And the evil spirit answered and said, Jesus I know, and Paul I know;

but who are ye? And the man in whom the evil spirit was leaped on them, and overcame them, and prevailed against them, so that they fled out of that house naked and wounded. And this was known to all the Jews and Greeks also dwelling at Ephesus; and fear fell on them all, and the name of the Lord Jesus was magnified."

I have spoken much of the world, and I hope much to its credit, but there is nothing more creditable to the world to be said than this,—that it will not praise, obey, or tolerate, if possible, anything short of the complete spiritual vision and passion which are implied in the Christianity of which it has heard, and which has gotten over the ancient boundaries between what we have called the Church and the world, and has, therefore, given the world such inerrant criteria for judging us.

The willingness of the world to adopt any being who will meet its cry for spiritual leadership is pathetic and reassuring to the least of us. But this must not leave any of us content to be less than our gospel for the

world seeks to make of you and me. Angelic indeed is the temper of the world at its noblest and best; and its best appears when you and I are at our best. Nobility ennobles the ignoble by contact. Quick becomes the feeling of obligation roused in the consciousness of interior energies unused, and the demand for dynamic power that shall start and run the machinery is instant and half sublime. But the world is not ever thus. Yet is its impatience of us not a mark of its latent loyalty to a divine origin? Admit that the world, at its worst, has such a conception of what the ministry of Jesus ought to be and do and, therefore, have, in the form of exhaustless influence for redemption and recreation, that it is half-demonic in its wrath and indignation at the appearance of anything short of that which is real. Devilish it may be, but the devils show themselves never so much fallen angels as when they cry out, "Paul I know, and Jesus I know, but who are you?" "The name of the Lord Jesus was magnified" then; it is being magnified now, but the evil spirit has done much to

master and prevail and to leave assumption and pretense naked and wounded as aforetime.

The situation abroad in the mission countries is thus complicated by the presence of the Lord's Prayer. Along with much practical unbrotherliness on our part as a people, that prayer has changed the atmosphere, laid humanity under the spell of a hope that a civilization founded on the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man is possible. It has won the brain and heart of heathendom to a lively expectation that the things that ought to be shall be. And the course of Eastern events is therefore awkward and problematic. The question coming to them and to us is what shall be done with the incongruity arising from the effect of the Lord's Prayer as Christianity's charter and the presence of the unbrotherly and scheming representatives of so-called Christian governments. So also and more, here at home, the situation is made acute by the education and trained habit of the modern mind. There is nothing more disastrous in a community where the

world has been touched by the message of the Church—which message has been sublimely taught by it, and should be the theme of its ministry—than our apparent inability to meet in sincerity of utterance, wisdom of leadership, and companionship of conduct, the just anticipations which such mightily stated motive powers lead logical minds to entertain.

I shall have time to consider, and only for a moment, these implications of the truth of the fatherhood of God, as they develop in the form of anticipations in the mind of a world which is growing more logical and which, therefore, will ask that these anticipations, justly founded as such, shall be made good. Recent experience in a service of six months on what is now known as the Vice Commission appointed by the mayor of the city of Chicago, has only served to quicken my appreciation of the working vitality of this truth. Through most revolting and almost nameless crimes against society and sins against God and humanity, I have traced, without ever once losing sight of it,

the presence of a desperate confidence that the soul of the most depraved belongs to God inherently. Something has gone into the heart of hellish malignity and loathsome impurity—something that differentiates itself faintly or cries out in tragic revolt; and the faith lingers there that whatever else God is as creator, and provider, and judge, He is the Father of us all.

I have spoken in the den of wild beasts and heard others speak in the lairs of iniquity, when death was the only other stainless presence. I have sat for six hours at a stretch to hear only the noxious story of human perversion and iniquity, but I have never failed to find at the bottom of the slimy pit, when the soul had sinned down to its farthest possibility, a certain rebounding sense that this one fact of utmost preciousness is left—the Fatherhood of God.

We have only to open the Gospel of John, which has given many of us a good deal of trouble as we have lived with its husk only but whose message will prove most richly refreshing to our age, the likest to its own

in all deeper aspects of life, to find in its kernel the germinal and harvest-producing conception of the *fatherhood of God* and the consequent truth of the *brotherhood of man* stated and enforced, not only on the lips and the life of Jesus, but in the behaviour, atmosphere, and even the most undeliberate attitude of those who are influenced by Him. Elsewhere and to-night, I wish to study with you a remote adumbration of this radiance, in Andrew, Simon-Peter's brother. Wherever preaching alone has placed this truth foremost and in the form of speech, strong assertion, or continuous repetition only, the most doleful results have followed. It is the most dangerous of truths to announce, if its announcer is not living it. To merely put it into phrase is to convert the minister into a tantalizer of the most divinely implanted thirsts. The last thing for a preacher even to mention is the fatherhood of God, unless that same minister embodies it, breathes it, literally sheds it forth in his own personality and life. Men are very like children in their straightforwardness and simplicity, if they have ever

once felt the reality of the divine fatherhood. The thing they will not permit is for you and me to make any substitute for this imperial fact and factor in the uplooking human life.

Once on a doleful day, when the great President's soul was sorely burdened, and various members of the Cabinet were looking in vain for him in the White House at Washington, Mr. Lincoln's little boy, called Tad, came into the presence of Secretary Chase and said, "I want my father." The boy was in trouble, for he had been badly used by a belligerent child in a physical contest. Now, suppose Chase, with the Olympian forehead, had said to him with the patronage which we sometimes visit cruelly upon those who would be helped, albeit without circumstance and the pomp of learning, "My little fellow, I will tell the Chief Executive of the nation, who will soon prove himself to me, his servant, as the master of unparallelled difficulties in finance, that you wish him." It would have been a true statement, but the boy would have said to the Secretary of the Treasury again, "I want my father." Little Tad encounters

Seward with a cry straight from his heart, "I want my father." Suppose Seward had said, "I will get for you the most remarkable diplomatic mind who ever warded off from a young nation in sore straits the attack of the British Empire." The Secretary of State would have told the truth. The boy, however, wipes the blood and dirt away, and says, "I want my father." The redoubtable and proud Stanton, Secretary of War, hears this boy's appeal and tells him, "I will get for you the Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States." Stanton knew Abraham Lincoln in this capacity. He was telling the truth about Lincoln, but it was not the boy's truth. Lincoln's child's truth was heard in the sob, "I want my *father*."

This is the situation with us all and many of the philosophers. The soul of man has been crying, "I want my Father." The soul is constitutionally religious because of the soul's essential childhood unto God's fatherhood. The soul can have permanently no other religion but a religion in which this filial relationship from the hitherside shall meet an

eternal parental relationship from the thither-side. The idea of fatherhood is in the Old Testament, but dimly described. The idea of fatherhood is manifested in the word "Jupiter"—"Heaven-Father." But now, the fact and force of divine fatherhood is no longer kinetic; it is dynamic energy. Jesus Christ in His Sonship to God and through the fullness of His brotherhood unto us lives it, breathes it, and dies for it, and arises from the grave with its might and majesty. He has and is the answer to our cry: "I want my Father."

Mr. Spencer has been saying, "Here is the Force which urges on from homogeneity through heterogeneity." He has told the truth. "But I want my Father," the soul says. Mr. Matthew Arnold had a charming habit of introducing us to the "Eternal not ourselves that makes for righteousness." He was well-intentioned and has spoken a truth concerning our God. And so on we might go with many of the philosophers, as Tad Lincoln might have gone on with his father's cabinet, each of the illustrious men characteriz-

ing the man Abraham Lincoln from a distinct point of view which not only defined him but confined him to a statement. The deepest and most revealing relationship to Mr. Lincoln was not that which existed and grew strong and was of untold importance between him and Seward or Chase or Stanton. Little Tad held the supreme place. The bedraggled, needy, desperate soul of humanity wants its Father.

Not the philosophers alone have erred with magnificence of phraseology at this juncture in the soul's life. Theological definings and refinings have all been confinings, and the divine fatherhood has been shut out, not so much by our phraseology, for that amounts to but little, as by our unbrotherliness. All brotherliness comes from sonship, which radiates and discovers the sonship unto God of the other brothers. So unbrotherliness in sentiment and, therefore, in statement, even the unbrotherliness that exiles our brother most effectively when we are calling him "dear brother," and pushing our argument or urging our appeal to him in an un-

brotherly mood or fashion—comes from lack of our sonship unto God as a practical experience. Once more let me say that if Emerson's words were ever applicable, they are true here—"What you are speaks so much louder than what you say that I cannot hear what you say." The world has a fine ear for the report of one's character on this supreme matter of its sonship unto God. Whoever makes this report credible has the world's heart.

The three preachers I have known most intimately, and who have been most effective in our time, have uttered proportionately the least number of phrases about the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. They have simply lived it. It came as an *aura* from their pulpits. Neither Phillips Brooks, Henry Ward Beecher, nor Joseph Parker could help the *aura* of personal brotherliness in argument, appeal, consolation, guidance, or instruction. Its origin was in the Light of Lights—the fatherhood of God. When one of these men was encountered in the street, the urchin or the peddler, or the philosopher

attested the presence of the incommunicable secret, until it opened and was fragrant and lovely as a flower.

A similar story to this too little known incident might be told of either or both of these other men. Mr. Beecher was passing on one morning in early spring through a thronged street. The snow was melting and the streets were wet and dirty. A vagrant wind had blown a newsboy's papers everywhither. Striving in vain to pick them up, he had lost heart and was crying, wiping his eyes with dirty hands which left his face in sad condition. Mr. Beecher, coming along, took the little fellow up into his arms. Those great orbs which the day before had commanded thousands with such eloquence of eye as Beecher had to give, looked upon the boy and saw through the dirt and tears and trouble, straight into his heart. "What's the matter, my little fellow?" said the orator; no, the big-brother. He was only a great big-brother then. The boy's tears of sorrow were chased from his cheeks by tears of happiness and gratitude, and he replied to the man whom he had

never seen before, but who was then manifesting the fatherhood of God through the brotherhood of man, "Nothin'; nothin', now you've come." It is an old story, but I heard Mr. Beecher the next Sunday, and he treated that aggregation of God's hapless children in the same way. As he prayed finally, we all felt that if there had been anything the matter, it was all over in this Epiphany. The fatherhood of God lived through the brotherliness of the man, and yet he said not a word about either. He was their incarnation, as any broken and sad old world like ours, having once heard of the Incarnation in Christ, has the right to expect us to be. As I shall try to show all along our way, this is the meaning of the incarnation touching the minister.

LECTURE II

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE AND NEW VIEW-POINTS

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THAT positions have changed in the realms of Philosophy and Theology, which give to the Christian ministry a new attitude towards certain hitherto familiar facts and factors in the religious life, no one can doubt. Especially in the privilege and task of preaching, these transformations appear to many to be decisive and even revolutionary. It is of the first importance that the man who enters the ministry of Jesus to-day should find, in himself and in his knowledge of history, a way of rightly judging the values of this changeful yet permanent experience of man in religion. He ought to be able to determine much by the depth and strength of current in his own spiritual life. He must at once reflect that whatever transformations may have occurred

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along the shore of this stream, which has flowed through him because he is a part, indeed, and, as it were, a single field of the wide humanity through whose breadth and length this stream of religion has so long been flowing, there is evidence in the vegetation, in the grasses and trees upon the banks which are significantly different in hue of colour and luxuriousness of growth, that here is a Mississippi. It has entered a spring-tide and is moving southward where it shall find the sea.

I insist that the Spiritual Life alone will enable a man to ascertain this fact. An unspiritual man will set himself against this truth. These things along the bank, trees and grasses, are from the life-giving stream; their changing qualities attest the innumerable vitalities of the water as it touches the land, quite as much as they attest the capacity for being vitalized, on the part of the land, when it is laved by the water. As he knows God and a man in the form and feature of himself—man created in God's image—and studies God and man in his own experience; and, in addition to this, as he

knows God and man in Jesus Christ, through his experience of reconciliation and the holy life; and, still more than this, as he knows God and man working together in the ranges of the life immortal, accomplishing the things hinted in the vision of the God-man and realizing those ideals of Being which have sprung from the presence and passion of the God-man,—indeed, *only* as a man who has in him the ministry of Jesus shall thus know and relive, in his own spiritual life, the moral achievement and expectancy of God manifest in the flesh through Jesus Christ, can he and will he see what changes signify. Only thus will he see how these same phenomena of religion, which are so persistent and yet so various as to colour and size, are not new things at all. Each is watered as a tree on the bank in Louisiana is watered, in the same way and by the same stream, as a tree on the bank of the same river has been watered in Minnesota or Illinois.

This is without any doubt as true, even if the Minnesota tree feels the stream about its roots much earlier in time than the Loui-

siana tree feels it when the river nears the sea. If a man accustoms himself to the truth that the Spiritual Life of the race flows through him, because he is one of the race, and yet that it is vastly larger than his narrow area may describe, he has reached the point where such an outlook is as valuable as that of Schliérmacher was to him years ago. He may easily share the serenity amid changes which belonged to Horace Bushnell, and, first of all, led Pascal to say that "human history is as the story of a single individual, ever growing, and ever learning." It is the experience of this great racial movement which gives dignity to the preaching of such men as understand and welcome changes presented to our vision, while we move on and ever on.

Let us look at certain of these changes, in this light. We must agree that it is because man is made in the image of God, that our religion is possible. Its distinctive experiences spring out of the fact that man, having been made in the image of God and being a child of God Himself, must love and be

loved with such personalness of loving and lovableness that love itself shall become incarnate. It is the Incarnate Love which concretely reutters fully these truths, and makes both soil and sky a welcome and assurance for the seeds of a permanent religion of humanity. Neither of these elements, which our seed must count upon, has been so accentuated by the significance of man's life in any time, as they have in our own.

Religion is more imperial and humanity is more pervasive, as working conceptions, than ever before. All faithful preaching will recognize the permanency of these realities, amid all the changes which now happen to be in concert of approval, with regard to the emphasis which our life places upon religion and humanity. The preacher of the twentieth century comes upon this being called *man*, first as he is seen in himself, for before all else the minister is a man ; and he is such a man that any ministry to humanity must distinguish the minister himself as one of the manliest of men about him. He also knows man, outside of his own self-consciousness

and self-study, as a being to be ministered unto, according to a message and by an influence which the minister receives from above, and which are of such a sort as to reveal what man essentially is and what Almighty Love means him to be. At the moment, our minister would not if he could, and could not if he would escape what the world, whom he addresses in his sermons, has come to think of man. Very much of what we think of God and of what God can do for a man in the immortal life, through the Church and in spite of the disaster of sin —very much especially of what we think of man's Christ—depends upon our conception of man.

Many sermons would indicate that the preacher has begun, in remote regions, to do his thinking about man, the thing nearest to him. He unfortunately habituates his audience to a repetition of his own way of approaching, through a series of unknowables, this one knowable and familiar fact and factor with which the minister has to grapple most intimately—Man. If the man in the

pew catches this habit—and it is most contagious—he will never know himself as a man, except remotely. It would be a calamity whose fatality would speedily remove you from any real ministry, if you were to miss what our age offers as the accumulation of the past and especially the product of its unsurpassed laboratories and equipment in the study of man at the present. Bear witness of the truth that the best laboratory is yourself.

There are, then, other means of study which will be invaluable. One such poet as Browning, in his answer as to what is man, outdistances Shakespeare, for he has modern equipment and laboratories and uses them. Above all, in himself, the minstrel knows himself. The vitality and indeed revealing, in his accounts of humanity, seem to have come from his having sat at the table in the upper room when our Lord said, "One of you shall betray Me," the poet answering with his question, "Lord, is it I?" The possibility of such crime as that of "The Ring and the Book," the experience of "Mr. Sludge, the Medium,"

the episodes in the philosophic struggles of "Paracelsus," the falls in "Pippa Passes" or "Andrea Delsarto,"—this possibility is that of his own personality. The mingling of those streams of knowledge proceeding from his acquaintance with physiology and psychology is humanly felt and estimated. Streams which here murmur and sing and swirl through man's ethical history show the greatness, often the failure and recovery of man's spiritual faculty. He must have recognized at least their possibility in himself. He is thus made humanity's minstrel. If these are the new views of man necessary to be collated and interpreted by the minstrel, how much more reverently and energetically must they be mastered by the minister, who knows that the theology in his preaching must conform itself in some manner to this anthropology, whose body of facts creates part of the mental life and atmosphere of his congregation and the community in which he lives.

Modern science has not abolished, but rather it has deepened the wonders of human

life; and philosophy has not relieved them of complexities. The old wonder came of darkness, the new wonder comes of light; the old puzzle was of concealment, the new puzzle is of revealment. The man to whom the minstrel in "Caliban on Setebos" comes as a singer is not more sympathetically and vitally attached to the animal life which we would like to think is far below him, than is the man to whom the minister comes as a preacher, however daringly and soaringly he is seen by the same science and philosophy to make towards citizenship in realms ethereal. My boyhood remembers John B. Gough crying out, after a description of a star in the dark blue night and a description of an Alp drenched with incommunicable sunshine, "These are sublime; but *I* can think!" A whole ministry was expressed to me, in that tremendous contrast which gave my life a new elevation through his inspiring thought.

John B. Gough was a great orator. I had heard orators. Here was something more. Somehow the declaration of that fact had never before entered the process of my

becoming my true self, and with such a command as to set me thinking right royally. A youth limited by many untoward forces, having less than most of the delights of life, has no greater wealth suddenly given him than Gough conveyed in that announcement. But I knew even then that the speaker had just newly vanquished a passion of his lower self. Was he less my priest saying to me in my unsullied youth, "*I* can think," than if he had been a cleric in full canonical orders saying to me, "*You* can think"? If ever this kind of thinking, with contemporary aids to the study of man, presented rewards in the form of faith, it is now. Only let the best of us in thinking hold to his integrity, as to the gain of Truth for its own sake.

Now, this was the same man who might have taken to a despairful doctrine of life, if the obsolescent account of him made in modern thought had left him like a dust heap in an earthquake, or a worm in the soft moss. The same pulses beat in the modern preacher's brain and heart. The minister is driven to a new study of the laws of this being, *Man*, who

contrasts with Alcyone and Matterhorn in this, that he can and does think. The revelation of God's willingness and urgency for communion, divine thinker with human thinker, will never be spoken in the souls of your listening congregation, until you know your superiority over, and independence of, this enormous material universe. This independence of it will not come by an underestimate of it. He who utters immortal hopes must be something more than a blind believer, if he shall speak them, not only *at* men, but *in* the men who feel one end of this very contrary existence of ours pressing down, but only by the gravity of matter.

It is astonishing how little the new revelation of man as a growing being, and an almost predestinatedly progressive one, enters the message and pervades the manner of many pulpits. If ever a fresh breeze blew towards the sail of any craft, it is this scientific and philosophic assertion, so richly proven as a truth, that man must progress. A pulpit is decidedly inhuman, though perhaps not cruelly so by choice, when its preacher is not

living in and speaking out of, as well as speaking into, a humanity which he sees divinely set in the direction of "the far-off divine event, towards which the whole creation moves." Progress is indeed "our Being's end and aim." The willingness of many a man to go back to his youth and childhood, for his delight, comes from his never having been inspired and inwardly self-dedicated to progress illimitable. The ministry which has touched him has never fed him upon eternal fare and provided his pilgrimage with the good fortune of those visions which arise out of his being discovered to himself, as a living entity whose progress demands infinite time.

He must progress in his race and with his kind, and after well ascertained laws. Let us see and let us reach the celestial side of them. Many a preacher has failed to see that the emphasis of our attention to the law of evolution, having been so long given to our origins, rather than to our prospects, ought now at least to be changed. Man has lately, for the most part, spent his time in finding

out how he came thus far, whereas he would be no less true to the truth of evolution, if his spiritual leader and guide would manifest first of all in himself, by the upwardness of his spiritual life and consequently by that of his people, by some means, the prospects and involved expectancies for himself and all humanity ever moving on and upward. The minister must, of course, understand the present day's appreciation of powers and tendencies of *reversion*, but he builds his pulpit upon the breadths of assurance and hope in the upper implications of *conversion*.

Our age certainly leads any man, who would deal with conduct and character, into a profounder view of *sin* than any other age has known. It does this by emphasis upon *personality*. We may speak as we choose after the manner of those who, forty years ago, had a very respectful hearing, leading many people to affirm that sin, after all, is but a blunder, rather than a transgression and a rebellion against all universal order. But now the minister scarcely needs, even thus, to compliment this fading view. Moral distinctions,

even if the fall of man was a fall upward, have been so clarified and sharpened, that, if we were to anticipate no other consciousness of law which would make us know sin as Paul knew sin, our lower self is less attractive than ever. Our upper self is cleaving to higher ethical visions, and it commands with increasing interest. Of course, as we develop upward, we shall develop away from the downward, and the interest in our ascent will increase. Sin is not likely to look less sinful, in the superior attractiveness of an infinite goodness which evidently is pulling towards the heights. The topmost height is the maintenance of personality.

The true place of Jesus of Nazareth among men is not to be made by the minister, in the mind of modern man, through his insisting upon grounding the unique incarnation upon the Virgin Birth, whether or not the assertion of the Virgin Birth is to be maintained, so much as (1) through placing the Master of man in His vital and vitalizing relationships to this being, humanity, at once so great and so personal, whom we meet on the street, and espe-

cially in the congregation, and (2) through placing Jesus Christ before him in such a way as to reveal the fact that all apparent contrarieties and distances in his own personality and experience are not eternal and hopeless oppositions in human nature and experience. They are newly revealed in Christ. Christ's personality is the fact which comprehends the very puzzling antagonisms of thinking; and the minister's life in Christ alone will reconcile all the truths of experience.

When humanity is known and discovered to itself by the minister, either in the depths of its iniquity where it has sinned down to the bottom, so to speak, and says with the prodigal, "I will arise," because there is nothing but the "I" left and there is nothing to do but to "arise," or, when immortal anticipations have been cherished until they have filled the heavens with their bloom, it is amazing how quickly and loyally this humanity will respond to any revelation of the Father-God. Of course, if a man persists in preaching to men as if a human being is only a manufacture and not a creation of

God in His own image—if a minister will go on negativing and stunting, if not destroying, all sense of a man's being essentially God's child, then he may be sure that any sudden employment of the heavenly music will not make the strings which have rusted in misuse, and been broken, respond in harmony. What we need to-day in our ministry, as we appreciate modern views of man, which, as we say, change his soul-features, is not more a sympathetic appreciation of what the divine is, as Jesus will reveal it in God, than a similar appreciation of what the human is, as Jesus reveals it in man.

Two things are likeliest, just now, to perplex, where they ought to enlighten—the fact of *personality*, against which such an unsuccessful attack has been made, and the fact of *the subconscious life* of the human person, in which personality seems lost,—both of which have been elucidated by contemporary psychology and philosophy.

Personality is the most interesting, the most eminent, and the most costly item in the list of this universe's assets. The philosophy of the

universe which has most instructed us, while it has more nearly revolutionized our conceptions of the universe itself and the human life within it than any other, is precisely the philosophy which emphasizes the prominence of personality and presents the clearest statement as to its cost and value. Beginning with the primordial stuff, forth from which things higher, and ultimately things highest have been evolved, we have seen the half-blind units of force apparently moving upward in their accomplishment. This upwardness of the universal movement is not without eddies in the stream. Each of these eddies whirls backward and downward: but the stream itself *in*volves these *re*volving backward movements so completely that the *e*volving result is progress towards what we admit is a better thing or state of things. All ethical reality with which ministers will have to do, in the last analysis of the minister's supreme function, will root itself in this upwardness of the universal movement. Our power as preachers will come, because we stand largely upon a fact, not of our inven-

tion or discovery, not even of such revelation as comes from a book or a series of books reverently called the Bible, except as all these honour and illustrate the truth, the *fact* that there is a goal—an universal goal, an intention from the beginning which is now an attention in man's brain unto an end—an order which is upward-moving, unifying in its sweep all movements, making them subsidiary and ultimately harmonious—an order, indeed, whose upwardness of movement is now so much an affair of consciousness in man's mind that he has identified it with *goodness* and its opposite with *evil;* his behaviour in its favour being called *right,* and his conduct in opposition to it being called *wrong.*

But, without anticipating, it is well to fix in your minds the fact that, using now the vocabulary of theology rather than that of philosophy, God, who Himself is the Personality of personalities, is so interested in the production of personality, to begin with, that His process of creation, in and through the universe, brings us into connection with a workshop whose every tool, from atom to

planet, is devoted to that one end, or a studio whose scaffolding built around the crude material upon which the artist-sculptor works, falls away finally, only to disclose the most Godlike thing, man, imperial in personality. He is touched into beauty or loveliness, featured by such chisels as are results of causes and causes of results, and so a part of nature, set upon the task of revealing personality. Man is at the summit of things. By a long, long way of storm and fire and earthquake and vanquishings he had been led to personality.

It is agreed that, because he is now evolved from the physical universe, he was involved in it, at the first. If it was all so organized that it has, at length, produced him with his ability to say "*I am I*," he is at once revealed as of wondrous worth. The assurance that the slowly advancing realm which we call Nature—"the about-to-be-born"—has driven all her forces towards producing what has been described as "the small speck, then the speck with a thin line," and, at length, she has arrived where we know the "small

speck" as the brain of man and recognize "the thin line" in his spinal cord—this assurance places man and personality on a summit of our thought and regard which nothing but the cost of his redemption at Calvary may overtower. With human consciousness and its phenomena, this is enough to awaken new admirations, reverences, enthusiasms, and hopes, with regard to any human personality. The assurance of modern science that every movement of the physical universe upward has been at such great expenditure, and that every movement has been towards personality, that the coarse protoplasm has yielded in the face of a flower, or in the half-descried smile on an ape's face, to some resistless impulse towards the formal revealing of personality—this ought to make a minister of Jesus Christ, who has the goodness of God to tell, stand in awe, until he speaks with not less than angelic power and persuasion unto men, to be reconciled unto God.

This most costly accomplishment of a whole universe—man's personality—is the

indubitable attribute which makes him capable of religion.

Measure the significance of these facts to the minister of that religion. First, religion is a personal relationship unto a person: the highest religion possible is a personal relation of love, obedience, and trust unto and with the Personality Supreme. Secondly, the maintenance and development of human personality are to be had only through a religion which draws out the human personality through love, obedience, and trust, and draws him out unto ends which are eternal and infinite. This educing of his personality Godward—this education of humanity—includes his redemption and sanctification. This is the newly apprehended basis of a religion for humanity, a religion which is the Spiritual Life, and which must comprehend all men's interests in the self-realization of human personality.

What has the Christian minister to offer to a humanity thus instructed, and thus filled with the new desires and hopes which these views must stimulate?

I. The Personal God.

II. The Personal Christ.

III. A program of human progress in which each man's personality shall be attained in the brotherhood of man—each personality giving all his own and receiving all from every one.

I. What other religion or message to men compares with yours, my brother, in its portrait of Personality? "*I am that I am*" —the Holy Name is almost awful in its self-assertion. None but Infinite Power, Holiness, Love, could hold the human mind to such a vision of reality, and then only by self-revelation. God is always saying to weak-hearted and rebellious humanity, "Tell them: *I AM* hath sent Me." The ennobling contagion of this Personality must come into the minister of God, always, as it came to Moses, aforetime.

II. The personality of Jesus is the most redoubtable fact, in a world slipping and sliding with frightful miscellaneousness of interest in its own ideals. "*I* am the way, the truth, and the life." What language is

this of self-respectful, divine personality! "*I* am the resurrection!" What an annihilating sentence to Death, which always assumes the manners of personality to our impersonal faithlessness! The manner of Jesus' speech as to the personality of the Father shows that He caught the accent of the divine from God Himself: "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." "I ascend unto My Father and your Father and to My God and to your God." "Before Abraham was, *I AM*."

III. The religion which Jesus has left us, with all His life and words, is *Jesus Christ Himself*. His actions and His words were and are the fragrance and beauty thrown off from the flower: He Himself is the blossom. "Believe in Me," He says, "He that believeth in Me and My words"—He Himself is first and foremost. Personal religion takes the form of service, then of friendship, then of communion, and finally the form of glorification with Him. It is all heart *to* heart and heart *for* heart experience. No one really preaches Christianity, who misses this. The reward of bringing to men, each man in

search for his true personality, this personal Christ as the Divine Self-revelation, is something for which angels might long. It is the sight of a discovered self, or a recovered self —all illuminated in the light and love of God, set upon tasks which shall evermore strengthen, refine, and exalt the rescued and sanctified personality, as the man grows like unto God.

Jesus' program of human progress was and is altogether personal. He was never *iudividualistic*, but always this most Personal of Persons found the *social* privilege and duty included in the natural outflow of His rich inner life. God's children were all personal. The woman who touched His garment, pushing her need amidst the crowd which had no personality, until her hand touched His robe's hem, was reasserting her personality in the presence of His own. All men found in Him a vision and realization of personal being and life which is salvation. All true preaching, or pastoral labour, seeks to break up the dreadful impersonalness of life beneath a crust of sin or ignorance, to

get the hand of need into the loving grasp of God who alone hath the supplies in Himself. But, instantly, this once poor hand, now so tenderly and yet so strongly grasped, comes to be a helping hand to all others. Man becomes Godlike. The Fatherhood of God revealed in the personality of Jesus, His Son, our Brother, has appeared in the Brotherhood of Man. Its plan and hope tingle with blood. Its dream is that of a City of God, in which personal salvation will sing its new song.

Now, our ability—if it may be spoken of so coldly—this ability, which we must pray and live for, to communicate of God's personality unto human personalities that which Christ Jesus completely manifested through His personality—the Divine Life in Humanity—this power is surely an achievement of personality, yours and mine, discovered, cherished, and made glorious in the Spiritual Life. The last of all things which may be communicated to a personality, by means of anything impersonal, is personality, in message or in influence. All goodness, vir-

tue, love, and any and all other living influences and realities must have personal origins, resources and connections, or none. What I am pleading for here, as you must see, is far from the individuality which separates, and is centrifugal. It ends in egotism and divides from the brotherhood of man in self-interest. I plead for the awakened image of God, living by love and lifting all and everything to unity of blessing by the sublime attractions of excellence. I need not tell you how to live for it. Christ's own secret of personal influence will be yours and mine, only when we accept for God's sake, and the sake of our brethren, the awful gift of personality, to be given into His keeping and disciplined by His guidance.

Having said so much as to Personality, as a subject and object for the mind and mission of the minister, it is well to consider one of the apparent contrarieties arising in the highest experience of the personality, at its best estate—a fact in the soul's life which modern psychology has brought to notice

with great emphasis,—*the soul's subconscious life.*

I believe it would be well for us to have, in each of our seminaries, a department of study—and with a master at its head—which might be called Philosophical Psychology. We do not need to wait for the establishment of such a foundation, in order to obtain great good from certain results of the profound, and therefore sympathetic, investigations which have been carried on in our time. One of these investigations has resulted, at least, in a new phrase. It may be that this phrase will be a permanent name for a hitherto unmapped region of our inner life. I refer to the phrase "*subconsciousness*" or "*subliminal consciousness.*"

When a young man, in the olden times, studied theology with a master of preaching, he was sure to find out that his master's power with human beings, either for their instruction in righteousness or for their inspiration by personal association, depended largely upon those resources of the personality which lie deeper than one's self-consciousness.

There seems to be a stream beneath the stream with us all. Professor James has not been able to tell us how "some of the strange powers of our inner life can be tapped and used in an intellectual sense." But no one has known and beheld the action of a mind like that of Charles Haddon Spurgeon at work, with thousands of human beings under his easy leadership, without recognizing in his own mind a certain manifestation from beneath the level of his conscious intellectual activity—a sort of bubbling up, intermittently perhaps, but certainly ; as graciously and unexpectedly as it was fresh and beautiful, of something personal, which, without the definitely intellectual operations above, would not have been known. Did it come from the depths, as a vital and perhaps thrilling appeal, and as a kind of reason beneath all other more apparent reasons for believing in nobleness and living a noble life? At least it seems so. It was so. Forgotten evidences lay there, like ships of sunken gold beneath the ordinary and more fluent evidence. Truths were seen as they stuck up

from beneath, as Renan tells us the fabled spires of the sunken city of Is were said to show themselves, when the storm tossed the same sea which had once overwhelmed them. Indeed, Renan thought this was perhaps a parable of his own soul.

Now, it is certain that this elder spiritual life, this deposit beneath our more apparent and superficial life to-day, contains many of our best powers, and sustains many of our best hopes. There are two problems, then, for us to solve, or, rather, two privileges for us to use with our latent abilities. Indeed, if we are to grow power, there are two necessities; and more surely, if we are to attain the maximum of power. (1) We must use this deposit, by and through a spiritual life so down-reaching that our treasure shall be brought forth. (2) We must add to this deposit, by and through such a spiritual life as will yield us treasures which, to be possessed at all, must be in the deeps and out of sight.

Before we touch these seriously, let us rightly estimate the point of view from which the minister of the Christian religion must

survey these facts. Two men so different as Moses and Samson have been studied by two of your lecturers—Dr. William M. Taylor and Dr. Phillips Brooks—as furnishing illustrations of the presence of a great element of unconsciousness in character. The texts were: "And Moses wist not that the skin of his face did shine." "And Samson wist not that his strength had departed from him." It would be wise for you to read the sermon of Dr. Taylor and then the sermon of Bishop Phillips Brooks, on Moses. However, it is my duty to tell you that there were two sermons by Dr. Brooks, and that the second sermon, of the man who became a true bishop, in Phillips Brooks—a sermon which was never published and which was preached without notes—went far more deeply into the meaning of our unconscious life. The minister's own subconscious self so contributed to his portraiture of Moses, that the late Prof. William James told me, as we listened together to the preacher: "Here is the sight of the subconscious yielding up its wealth in the light of genius." Neither of these men—

notably Brooks who is more richly original—could have made either of these sermons, if he had not experienced the truth of his message. The power of that of which no man may be conscious was eloquence itself. Neither of them could have spoken so wisely or well, if he had pulled his experience up by the roots and shown them to the people. The blossom and fruit were excellent, because the roots were hidden. I shall not stop to point out the differences between unconsciousness and subconsciousness, but it would be a very grave error for any one of you to neglect enriching this deeper life.

Character is so much the deposit of experience that we are likely to get the best out of our experiences in a substratum of personal tradition. Permanent and favourable dispositions towards those truths which we never any more seek to question or argue about, than about our experience with life, are most valuable assets. They are the reserve capital of the soul. Wonderful reserve is this, when many years of accumulated treasures in thought and tendency of mind,

now grown habitual, are added as they sink, by gravity of their value and weight of influence, to depths within us,—treasures upon which we may call, or which shall be revealed when the winds lift the seas of consciousness to unwonted heights and bare the bed of rock and sand below.

I once heard Bishop Simpson touch upon an experience of years, which he afterwards related as a student of psychology—for he was a teacher before he was a preacher, and always studied the phenomena of preaching and its results from the point of view of the teacher which he continued to be, in spite of his eloquence. I had seen, as he had, his whole great audience electrified in an instant, at the appearance of something which he seemed, not at all at the beginning, or even in the midst of his discourse, to be preaching or even thinking about. He had superior powers of wooing from the crypts of his memory personal figures who walked forth as if, on some fresh resurrection morning, they had escaped death. But this was not a memory. I can feel and hear the sentence, though I

cannot quote it. It was a reason for a reason, urged in behalf of the supremacy of our moral intuitions. It was indeed a stormy moment in the history of the man, for he was grappled by and was grappling with tremendous currents of thought and feeling. He was very far from being eminently the thin and so soft-voiced prelate who once read lectures which I heard here, and which were created in an atmosphere as different from the atmosphere of this sermon, as the atmosphere of the architect of a life-saving ship is different from that of the master of the crew in a crisis of the tempest off Gay's Head. The lift and altitude of his conscious activities; the quick, splendid realization of the currents which flowed within sight of every one so grandly, were as nothing, in comparison with the message from underneath. It seemed a voice from out of the eternity of the man's ageless spiritual life. He was advancing upon his subliminal self—speaking out of his subconscious life.

All who would be ministers must respect, revere, and obey not only the Spirit testifying

with our spirit from beneath, but also, and perhaps chiefly, the Spirit testifying with our spirit from above. Then deep shall indeed call and answer unto deep. "The wind bloweth where it listeth." We must submit to being passive and receptive to that which is both below and above our deliberative accounting of what comes to us. The doctrine of conversion by the influence of the Holy Spirit has been neglected in our theology: and the fact of conversion has too often been lost sight of, as not only the possibility but a necessary reality in the Spiritual Life by which any man attains his full self and efficiency. So, also, the finer experiences of empowerment for ministering to men,—the experiences which come from the deeper currents that are subliminal, or the higher currents which are supra-liminal—to use the modern phrases —and are indubitable facts of unconsciousness which have been missed by our logic, have been treated as meaningless for their remoteness. Our ministry has thus been left without its greatest authentic and commanding power. Emerson's word as to the supreme

thoughts which are always spoken in us, and Goethe's word to the same effect need to be repeated again and again to us who fail, because we are ever looking outside our own personal experience for everything in the nature of revelation of truth. Many are the intimations from within and beneath and above. A fine and true spiritual life will foster them. Let us stand against everything, to conserve and employ that certain state of mind in which things may happen which we have not calculated upon. The uncalculable winds of the Spirit are the best to calculate upon, even for a valuable sermon—that is, a sermon out of life, which is not less safe because it is four-square and open to all the winds that blow. Indeed, it would be less safe, if it were open to but one. Certainly, it is a meaningless thing in a meaningless universe, if it be open to none of these winds. Trust your unnamed inspirations.

I have spoken of the minstrel and the minister, and they are allied. This alliance is manifested in the fact that the subconscious self congenitally gives no record of itself and

furnishes no statistics. The true man is unconsciously isolated, but he is nevertheless the man who is closest to humanity. No one is nearer to humanity, and more sensitive to the things of humanity, than he who has this personal and great reserve, not undignifiedly guarded, but kept as a "Holy of Holies."

The subconscious man beneath the conscious man, now and then, bursts forth; for the real man will always ruin a finite equation of himself, and especially if he says something authentic. This is eloquence of the highest order; it is never mere oratory. This is poetry of the highest order; it is never mere verse. Trust the unconscious reality within you. So, and only so, may you have your highest personality as a minister. A minister may well desire to become an orator of the soul and God, and a minstrel of both. Take George Wm. Curtis' account of the orator. Note how *unconsciousness* in the orator produces an effect which is received *unconsciously* by the audience. He says:

"*Unconsciously* and surely the ear and

heart were charmed. How was it done? Ah! how did Mozart do it, how Raphael? The secret of the rose's sweetness, of the bird's ecstasy, of the sunset's glory—that is the secret of genius and eloquence. What was heard, what was seen, was the form of noble manhood, the courteous and self-possessed tone, the flow of modulated speech, sparkling with matchless richness of illustration, with apt allusion and happy anecdote and historic parallel, with wit and pitiless invective, with melodious pathos, with stinging satire, with crackling epigram and limpid humour, like the bright ripples that play around the sure and steady prow of the resistless ship. Like an illuminated vase of odours, he glowed with concentrated and perfumed fire. The divine energy of his conviction utterly possessed him and his

> "'pure and eloquent blood
> Spoke in his cheek, and so distinctly wrought
> That one might almost say his body thought.'

Was it Pericles swaying the Athenian multitude? Was it Apollo breathing the music of the morning from his lips? It was an Ameri-

can patriot, a modern Son of Liberty, with a soul as firm and true as was ever consecrated to unselfish duty, pleading with the American conscience for the chained and speechless victims of American inhumanity." How much of the unconscious is in it all!

Why should the minister's effectiveness, at any time, be less than this—all things being equal?

And now William Watson is speaking, with wondrous similarity of phrase, and to the same effect, of the minstrel, Tennyson, who was one of the noblest of the ministers of God to humanity:

" Who shall expound the mystery of the lyre?
In far retreats of elemental mind
Obscurely comes and goes
The imperative breath of song, that as the wind
Is trackless, and oblivious whence it blows.
Demand of lilies wherefore they are white,
Extort her crimson secret from the rose,
But ask not of the Muse that she disclose
The meaning of the riddle of her might:
Somewhat of all things sealed and recondite,
Save the enigma of herself, she knows.
The master could not tell, with all his lore,
Wherefore he sang, or whence the mandate sped."

Live for such moments, and they will multiply. They are full of the breath of immor-

tality for men, when the minstrel is a minister or the minister is a minstrel. The great creations of men are born in unconsciousness. Personality seems to fade, yet personality was never so true and real. We gain our noblest self, as Galahad, by sublime self-loss in the universal.

I must close with James Martineau's words, and thus you shall have all I would wish I myself could say, of the open secret of your possible power: "In virtue of the close affinity, perhaps ultimate identity, of religion and poetry, preaching is essentially a lyric expression of the soul, an utterance of meditation in sorrow, hope, love, and joy, from a representative of the human heart in its divine relations. In proportion as we quit this view, and prominently introduce the idea of a perceptive and monitory function, we retreat from the true prophetic interpretation of the office back into the old *sacerdotal*:—or (what is not perhaps so different a distinction as it may appear) from the properly *religious* to the simply *moral*. A ministry of mere instruction and persua-

sion, which addresses itself primarily to the understanding and the will, which deals mainly with facts and reasoning, with hopes and fears, may furnish us with the expositions of the lecture-room, the commandments of the altar, the casuistry of the confessional: but it falls short of that true 'testimony of God,' that personal effusion of conscience and affection, which distinguishes the reformed *preaching* from the *homily*."

All I wish to say? Nay: not all. For I would so speak in the lectures to come in this course, that you shall see that we must not believe in any antagonism of interests as between the seer and the priest. We must see that the teacher in the pulpit and the preacher may and ought to be one. This will come to be so, only by an all-reconciling Spiritual Life.

LECTURE III

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE AND ITS RELATION TO TRUTH AND ORTHODOXY

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ORTHODOXY, like happiness, is a by-product. It is not less valuable in itself, even as many a very rich and serviceable result obtained incidentally in and through our more insistent and comprehensive plans is not less valuable because it is arrived at without planfulness. Our plow is more apt to turn up something else of importance—some unexpected wealth—if we are after the essential thing in plowing, and so set upon a harvest by and by that we shall see that it goes in up to the beam. The main purpose seriously undertaken, and valorously stuck to, is the parent of the finest form of the incidental in all our life. Indeed happiness, without such a fatherhood as a life set upon holiness gives to it, is a poor bastard, always homeless and a little

ragged. What a poor, aimless, drudging, and gloomy thing is the happiness which has been conceived and born without Holiness and Self-sacrifice as its father and mother. It usually dies teething. If it lives, it is scrawny, gets ill-tempered, requires to be petted and has the self-consciousness of a poor egotism. Start out in any manner to be happy; let that be the main thing, and you will soon see how miserable you can be and how the birthmark of selfishness develops into a sore.

On the other hand, determine, under the compulsion of a vision of God's holiness, to follow after holiness; hear and obey the command: "Be ye holy, for I am holy," and put out of head and heart any vision of God Himself which could make Him say to you: "Be happy, for I am happy"—follow after God's deeper joy until He leads you to His Calvary; behold Jesus, your Christ and His Christ "for the joy that was set before Him," "enduring the cross, despising the shame" and now "set upon the throne of God," where His eternal joy is

that of redeeming us to holiness, and you cannot fail to find the by-product of happiness gleaming forth like an upturned stream of gold, in the track of the deeply set plowshare of your purpose to be holy.

All that I have said of happiness is true of orthodoxy. It is just such a by-product. There is only one main thing for us, as the intellectual result of religious activity within and without ourselves, and that is Truth. It is essential; all orthodoxy, as we have become accustomed to the term—and in that sense only may I use it here—is incidental. The best orthodoxy—here our use of the word is thus shown to be so unscientific that comparison is possible and even useful—our best orthodoxy is the clearest and most sympathetic statement of what men accept as the truth. It may, or may not, be the truth. Perhaps only the majority, not the best of our fellows intellectually or morally, would accept the statement as such. But it goes as orthodoxy. Perhaps the conservatism of an age or community or institution like the Church, which always cares much

for the inheritance, and ought to, until it is found to be an inheritance, not of spirit but of traditions and property, is the chief proprietor of what is known as the truest statement of any series of realities called Truth.

These interests voice themselves in the accepted statement, as the constituted authorities on the subject. All thoughts which Truth may touch or inspire in the mind are under their special purview. Naturally, great deference, if not reverence, is attached to their very pronunciation of the statement. Orthodoxy is, under such circumstances, almost at a premium. To be orthodox is much more than to be reasonable, of course. And soon, when the growing vision of truth, —as it ever must do, in order to grow; and it must grow in man's mind, in order to live at all,—does push up and around with its perennial vitality, and noiselessly creates a change which no reasoning in contentious speech ever can do, then to be orthodox is more than to be true.

Now, I do not mean to say that this matter

of orthodoxy is of slight importance. It is of great importance that the world of men should accept and regard certain truths as fixed. It is our duty, as leaders of public opinion, to treat with reverence the bases upon which all right opinion must rest and build its edifices of conviction. But we need to know that these bases are very simple and not multitudinous. The mind of a large number of human beings is both limp and lazy. It looks to orthodoxy in science, sociology, medicine, and politics, as it looks to orthodoxy in religious thought, regarding it as something to rest upon, just because it lacks vitality and strength to think. A kind of indolence of the intellect makes many otherwise amiable persons very favourable towards any fixed statement of things connected with the mysteries of life and the universe. We will always have with us persons to whom it will be impossible to make explanation that royal thinking is a duty of every one of the Royal Priesthood of God. It is true also that persons of this sort need only the simplicities, which are indeed

the sublimities of truth, and these are not numerous enough to confuse the mind. All great preaching accepts them; all fine character is built upon them. It is our duty and privilege to make these foundations—if I am still to use this figure of speech—visible, and as glorious as they are eternal.

But one of the main matters to be made clear is that this figure of speech is insufficient. The hardest orthodoxy, having enough truth in it to effectually serve man's life, is not stone for foundations, so much as soil for growth. We are concerned with the Spiritual Life. The moment you mention *life*, you have agreed to *growth*. No orthodoxy will remain even interesting, or maintain its name long, which cannot be sown with seeds. It must yield not only a crop in return, but also it must give back to the soil an increment, which, like leaf-mold, shall make it perennially productive. It is one of the most besetting of our mental sins—the condoning of intellectual indolence, by our treating truths as a tired statistician might. He is always relieved to find no change in

the arid blocks of stone. Numerical identity is sepulchral, when truths arranged in a statement for popular acceptance are called orthodox. They never are so untrue, as when they furnish no nutriment of growth to man's life. Nothing is more valuable than to break them up, or to treat them as the waters from the heavens by slow erosion create deep, rich valleys out of forbiddingly barren mountains which they wear away.

We were speaking yesterday of the supreme place of personality. Here it will be seen again that the element of personality is decisive, in the interests of what is valuable, in both orthodoxy and truth. It is when you touch a series of doctrines or statements called orthodoxy, with a personal purpose to make your own life what it ought to be by their help, or to recreate the life of some one else, either in the love of the man himself or in the love of the truth itself, that these statements and doctrines become true. That is, assuming that our orthodoxy is what the word implies, *right doctrine*. If it is not right doctrine, the Spiritual Life of a human

being will be fatal to it. Once let the fire of a fine spirituality searchingly play upon ancient and dry falsities which have been accepted as true, and have been named orthodox for so long a time that they are like inflammable tinder, and the flame will grow while the revered formula will feed it. It is, indeed, the only safety in the presence of our human willingness to label statements and doctrines with such laborious propriety, that they may be quoted in order to relieve us of thinking on imperial things. This affair of personality coming into contact with what we call orthodoxy delivers us at once from any confusion of mind. Orthodoxy must pass into truth and be our truth, the very food for our life, or the usable every-day instrumentality and tool, for accomplishing our personal holiness, else it must vanish.

I have preferred to speak of the value of orthodoxy, when it is a soil for the production of fresh shoots of truth, which, having brought forth their fruit, in turn enrich the soil. Such orthodoxy as this, thoroughly *worked*, as we say of the field, by spiritual interests which

look towards the future, never burned a heretic. It needs no police defense. It scarcely permits the irreverence of a recommendation. One would as soon insist, through a council of prelates, on the right of a growing field of corn to be respected. Nothing but the Spiritual Life, constantly working with what we call the fundamentals—that is, the very soil which is beneath—nourishes the growing future and can protect orthodoxy.

One of the most unfortunate heresies concerning truth and orthodoxy is the implication, so very often made, that religious truth, or truths concerning religion, need a mechanically devised protectorate. This is the other side of the falsehood which never dares to speak itself, but is constantly vitiating the atmosphere of many a minister's study, that these truths within the purview of the minister's thought and life are of such a sort that they must be approached in manner reflecting their peculiarities. An age like our own revolts at the idea that any truth requires anything but a true and revealing use of it, to keep it safe; and any whimsicalness of treat-

ing religious truths, as if they belong only to certain classes of human beings who approach them with certain attitudes, is distressing to the intellectual integrity of the modern mind.

An ancient fact shows up with a striking modernity, whenever its eternity, like flint, yields fire as it comes in contact with a reality hard as steel. The crisis thus made works in the interest of manifested truthfulness. The ancient fact is, that truth is for the mind of man and the mind of man is for truth. For other reasons than that it is old, this is a consideration which is not likely to have much weight with persons who do not gladly confess that the ministry of Christ, man to man, is at length on its merits. It is an unnatural and, therefore, unscientific view of the realities involved which permits any of us to treat the truth, as to any subject, as something either ultimately to fail to reach the human mind, or requiring an extra-natural, especially anti-natural, therefore abnormal, exercise of the human faculty, to attain and entertain it. Of course, the normal exercise of human faculties for truth-finding involves truthful personal

character—truth-loving by the bent and tendencies of one's inner self. The pulpit's urgency of some adventitious attitude towards truth—this thing of *character being true* in a man, to begin with—has been most unsettling to mental orderliness. Any mysteriously created manner of mind which makes the thinker a lonely citizen of what is more isolating and demoralizing to his open-eyed humanity than any charmed or sacred "circle," is vicious in the extreme. To adopt another, than the normal method of seeking Truth, is to undo the things with which you work. It is to destroy man's confidence in Truth's every-day approachableness and its familiar power in his life, and his own ability to attain it as an end consonant with truthful character. If Truth is such an essential thing, in order to make the highest product in man, it must be that our essentially high faculties shall get at it in such a manner as will give unity and poise to human nature. Our faculties for truth-getting everywhere else ought to work most naturally, when we are seeking the highest truth. If, in what we may call the

regular and normal way, which any sound mind may adopt in finding truth, searching is ill-directed, and truth-finding for all true souls is hopeless, then the Christian minister may well be dispensed with. He ought never to say, with the mighty preachers to men—least of all, with God Himself—"Come, let us reason together."

We cannot be too personal about this matter of our truthfulness, especially if we have the interests of Truth upon our hearts. All that I have said to strengthen confidence in the mind's ability to get at the truths of religion will be misleading, unless, first of all, each man's personality is in normal relations to Reason and to Truth. This is a graver charge against what I have been saying, than the charge that it alone is unqualified rationalism. Is it a fact in your life that Truth has no supreme place? You can never know it so certainly, as when you are trying to obtain what is new truth for you. The fact of our having done wrong, "missed the mark," sinned, has already wrenched the mental machinery. Our doing wrong, "missing the

mark," sinning, is even now placing gritty sand in the finely organized intellectual mechanism and process. Not only are we self-wronged, but certain hard prejudices favourable to a condition of wrongness have gotten into our thinking and feeling and willing. They have been blown in, or dropped in, because of our acting against rightness. The effect upon us is seen to be conterminous and contemporaneous with a sorry effect upon that body of reality called Truth, so far as it may be ours. We may cling in soundness of statement to any old and revered orthodoxy, ours or another's, but our loss of Truth and truthfulness, and, fundamentally, our loss of truth-loving is damaging if not desolating. Something then must be done for us, in us, by something more true than we are. That something, coming to the redemption of the human personality, must be Some One.

Here is the beginning, then, of a new spiritual life. The Holy Spirit has operated upon our heart and mind, driving us by the necessities of our place and position with regard to truth to Him who is Truth. Whenever a

soul has found this necessity for being true, and, along with it, a necessity that Some One shall personally regenerate his heart, so that his character shall be a true character and thus open to truth, there is no voice of heaven sweeter or more powerful than that of Jesus saying: "*I am the Truth.*" Do not fear for a moment that truth can be lost to you, whenever *He Who is the Truth* has made you true. Be sure, however, that the fortune and fate of truth, as well as of orthodoxy, are betrayed hopelessly, when your character and life have no personal relationship to Him Who is the Truth.

Now this experience goes far deeper into the personality than the realm of the brain. It is measurelessly more than an intellectual event. Jesus Christ is the Truth whose blessing comes to us by and through love. He is the Truth Whom we keep by obeying Him in the will. He loves you in order that you may love Him; and so the outcome of it is that the will and the emotions, as well as the intellect, are made true. A famous phrase of an illustrious man, "the will to be-

lieve," has deeply instructed our time, as he has taught its meaning. There is no such teaching as this experience with Christ will give, as to the will to be true. Then Jesus Christ takes the whole soul captive, His personality bringing a regeneration into your personality and mine.

So much for the work of the Holy Spirit through a change which may be well called both *conviction* on account of sin and *conversion* from sin. Untruthfulness is sin. The Holy Spirit was promised by our Saviour to His disciples as the guarantor and protector of truth, through His influence upon us in spiritualizing our whole life. Said the Master: "I will give you another Comforter, even the Spirit of Truth." Our Master said more—even this He said: "Howbeit, when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He shall guide you into all truth, for He shall not speak from Himself, but whatsoever things He shall hear, these things shall He speak. He shall declare unto you the things that are to come. He shall glorify Me, for He shall take of Mine and show it unto you."

We must realize that the Holy Spirit's work in the Church is the only security of orthodoxy. When we think of what has been done in the name of the protection of orthodoxy—the crimes against body and soul; the flames and thumb-screws, surpassed in their malign cruelty only by the coerced falsification of so much of man's mental life, age after age, and when we behold what the plain teaching of Jesus is with respect to the future safety of His truth, we are astonished, I think, at the twist and indirection which the ecclesiastical mind has had, whenever it has neglected the spiritual life. Orthodoxy conceived after this sort of unspiritual ancestry, requiring only an acceptance of dogmas, has been the most serious foe of religion, because of its abandonment of morality. Let each of us be warned. The finest of us is always in danger of going over to this very tyranny, unless he be withheld in the grasp of Jesus Christ's personal presence throughout his thought and life. The presence of Jesus Christ in a man, and this only, will keep him with an eye so fixed upon

goodness and love and the Father's plan and hope for humanity as revealed in His Son, that love and goodness will be the only tests demanded for Christian fellowship. Attention cannot too often be called to the fact that many otherwise saintly souls have overestimated the function of the detective, or the policeman, in the interest of order; and that it was the Beloved Disciple himself who asked his Lord to forbid one who was casting out devils, but not in the Master's name. Here was a passion for orthodoxy which forgot the truth. Jesus' answer shows that the ecclesiastical order is not of supreme importance, and that the truth of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man is like goodness and love. It will not permit a constabulary to restrain its going forth for blessing. His Master said to John: "Forbid him not; for he that is not against us is for us."

There are certain doctrines which can never be held as true, in the mind, unless they are lived willingly and lovingly—that is, unless the whole nature, a man's total personality,

in and through life, by assimilation and all other life processes, really identifies them with the process of his attaining selfhood. *The doctrine of God* is perhaps the most difficult to lose of all the truths which men sometimes do lose. It is doubtful if there ever was, or can be, an atheist, pure and simple. It is not doubtful at all that a godless life will extract the celestial attributes from the vision of the divine, one after another, until the mind's once loved object, supreme above all others, has faded out of the attention. Especially is this true of the Fatherhood of God. Just as the only way God could use, to make real His Fatherhood, in the mind of men, is through sonship, and through such a sonship as revealed this quality of His nature, so man's only way to realize the Fatherhood of God in himself is by such a sonship, exercising its functions of need and dependence and affection and adoration in such a way as to literally experience God's Fatherhood. Do not expect to remain sound in the faith and really believe, for any length of time, in the Fatherhood of God, unless your sonship is such a

vital experience in the direction of the brothers and other sons who are around you, that you cannot rest until all men are under the experienced blessing of God's Fatherhood. To believe in God's wisdom and truth, His mercy and providence, His justice and love, is not a feat of intellect, or a matter of cogent persuasion; it is the result most largely of will and heart and head, the total personality throwing all thought, feeling, volition, the entire self, upon Him. Then one realizes the validity of these truths of Him.

The doctrine of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, which is most helpful to your spiritual life and mine, is that doctrine of the Bible, its nature and meaning, which is most true. We will never know that any doctrine is true by the decisions of councils, the arguments of acute intelligence, or the anathemas of priests. It is not a question of maintaining confidence in the infallibility of the Old and New Testaments, when we are living so fallibly that the thought of infallibility with regard to anything is foreign to the mind. The doctrine of the inspiration of

the Scriptures, which is of very much more importance than any doctrine of infallibility, is such a conception that uninspired living will make the very thought of it impossible. Unless the experience of one's battle for purity is vivid and persistent, he will not long be able to hear the heroic note. The mind of the preacher of to-day must go to Rome with Paul and make the history of Paul as indubitable as autobiography; and only as he is under the spell of that holy enthusiasm, the spiritually minded man is not bewildered, still is he less turned aside, when saints, apostles, and his Christ live chapters in the history of spiritual power such as must ever amaze unspiritual men. Pascal says: "It is the lot of Jesus' disciple to have those things happen to him which happened to Jesus." It is doubtful if it will be possible for the Christian ministry to credit the account of the things Jesus did, until we are able to make good our Lord's great words: "Greater things than these shall ye do because I go to the Father." The Spiritual Life alone will answer to the inspiration of the Bible and of those of our own

humanity whose souls were made incandescent by the divine fire.

So also, *the doctrine of the Atonement in Christ* will always be a confused and tragic appeal to the mere pulpiteer, who has not realized, and is not realizing, while he works with and for men, in his life with men, what Paul meant, when he spoke of his own spiritual life and that Gospel "whereof," as he says, "I, Paul, am made a minister; who now rejoice in my sufferings for you and fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for His body's sake which is the Church."

Jesus is always seeking to make men feel, if they will, the common ground upon which He stands with His brethren, while He deals with the problems of time and eternity. He says: "I go to My Father and your Father, to My God and your God." He prays, as the divine promise glows, that the glory God has given unto Him shall be given unto them. All human life, at all worthy of the divine investment in us, is an atonement. The vicarious element in our life is its redemption.

The Calvary which gave to the world its unique cross and the divine sacrifice made all our crosses sacred, so that our divine Redeemer Himself said: "Take up thy cross and follow Me." In the very fact that Jesus has taken some of us into the fellowship of His sufferings and disclosed the possibilities in human nature, of living divinely and in sympathy with His atonement—this makes Him solitary in His grace towards us as He was solitary in His sufferings. Yet it brings us into communion with Him, at the highest places of the divine life. It will be yourself, if your ministry shall be worthy of its name, having found men who have lost their faith in the vicarious atonement, who may lead them back to the spot where they lost it. They will find it just where they lost it. Always some unwillingness to bear the burden of others; always some slinking and revolt from the crisis which demanded blood of self-sacrifice; always some refusal to say the word or give the blessing which leads to Golgotha, marks the moment of the loss of faith in the redemption of the world by the crucifixion of Jesus of

Nazareth. For a minister to deeply partake of "the joy which was set before Him Who bore the cross, despising the shame," that minister must not decline his own cross or fear before its ignominy. No man can preach on the atonement in Christ with words alone, however mighty, or tender, or true. The truth or untruth of the minister will reveal itself here. The grace of God within him will alone keep his mind steadily attentive to a truth which is too sublime or simple, except for the humble follower of Jesus Christ.

The doctrine of the Divinity of Jesus Christ is more than ever a sacred treasure of those who know its truth, by having trusted and obeyed it. We must live this doctrine, by drawing upon the God-man. Many of the arguments used in the pulpits in favour of the Divinity of Jesus—that is, His likeness of nature unto that of God—tend to prove nothing with regard to the Christ's moral quality. When Jesus, "knowing that He came from God and was going unto God, and that the Father had placed all things in His hands"—"took a towel and washed His

disciples' feet," there was a moral proof of His likeness unto God. But the fact that the prophecy was fulfilled, or that He existed before His coming into the world, or that He performed many miracles, or that He was born of a virgin—these all could not prove or do not tend to prove His likeness unto God, in ethical quality. The conscience and spirituality of the Christian pulpit, knowing through experience that Jesus saves men from a life of sin to sonship unto the Father, is more than any other evidence, historical or otherwise, towards a demonstration that Jesus is to be adored as divine. But we will never be on moral or religious grounds with regard to the proof of anything, until we are living on those grounds and know Jesus Christ ethically, in the grandeur and richness of the Spiritual Life. If you have never put upon the shoulders of Jesus Christ a weight for Him to bear for you greater than you and all other men together may bear, you have not known His omnipotence. It is amazing how ministers can interest themselves in the discussion as to the unique place of Jesus of

Nazareth in the universe of God, when once giving Him our load of disappointment and failure, of sorrow and especially of sin, we may surely know the weight has been lifted and we are borne along with the hopes which no human being can inspire. Beautiful life indeed, it was, that sang itself into measureless remembrance by these words:

"If Jesus Christ is a man —
And only a man—I say
That of all mankind I will cleave to Him,
And to Him will I cleave alway.

"If Jesus Christ is a God —
And the only God—I swear
I will follow Him through heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea, and the air!"

No soul will thus follow Him long, who will fail finally to adore.

Following Jesus—this alone will save even our orthodoxy from being a heresy against God and man.

I have never known any so-called heterodoxy, or orthodoxy, with reference to Jesus Christ, which did not at length have the marks and flavour of the loftiest truth concerning Him, if that so-called heterodoxy or

orthodoxy was the result, as it ever must be, of following Him into those ranges of being and blessing which are reached only in the Spiritual Life.

It is the same with *the doctrine of Immortality*. If the minister lives within the compass of a year, or ten years, or fifty years, his preaching may not be falsely rhetorical, or rhetorically false, but that will be its only distinction, when he ventures to speak of the life eternal. There is no topic that hangs over the pulpit so like a day of judgment and visits it with such unrelieved gloom, as that of immortality, when it is even touched by a man who is not living immortally. Dare not, O man of time! to deal with its sublime implications. If you should succeed in concealing your own mere temporalness, that result might mislead a weak one. Better never even speak of it, than to visit upon it the ethical limitations created by a life of mortality. Only a man who walks in the eternity of God, even now, can release the fragrance from that blossom which is called "*forever*." One flash from the eye of a true

minister of God,—a man who has disdained the asserted finalities of earth's judgment-seat and, instead, has fixed his vision upon the Great White Throne,—is more than eloquence. This requires an accomplishment of character and an achievement of personality which is transcendent and comes through Spiritual Life alone. Ease, distinction, and the comforts of earth, the dull unanimity of men's praise, freedom from the responsibilities which would torture, if they did not glorify the heart which bears them—not these; *only a life* constantly moving in the range of the everlasting is able to give a pulpit the message and comfort of immortality. This life is to be lived, only by the love of Him who is the author of immortality.

Tremendous will be the pull against certain truths, as to God and man. Robespierre said: "When the existence of God is denied, it will be denied by aristocrats." It is in the interest of a certain godless aristocracy, to have no God. Just so and now, you will find men in your churches who are occupying the high positions, possibly, who will not give up a

false political economy, and who therefore question the doctrine of the universal brotherhood of man. We do not need to "go back to the old doctrines" so much as we need to go, for hope, comfort, and safety, to the Spiritual Life, which once generated them and which alone will ever glorify them.

We must have the nature of things on our side. And this is ultimately an affair of *life*. Spiritual Life will authenticate views of the *methods* of *life*, such as those of the corn of wheat, mustard seed, and lily. This is our Christ's method, as reflected in His speech. Nothing but life can apprehend life. All methods of life will be mechanical and legal, unless a man knows that love of light is, fundamentally, love of life. Through his own experience of living spiritual realities and only thus, the highest and most blessed assertions of Christianity are made believable. They are livable. They grow to seem impracticable until we practice them. Such a doctrine as that of God revealed in humanity can never be believed long, where it is not lived.

We may add that the true *doctrine of the incarnation of God in Christ*, which includes the atonement, cannot even be known as a practicable proposition, without the preacher of it being, in some sense, one who himself experiences the incarnation of God. An estimate of human nature which carries such values as God's incarnation of Himself in Jesus Christ, the atoning life and sacrificial death of the Master on Calvary, is the likeliest of all things to fail before the cold analysis of the intellect, unless, through a warm spiritual life, these diviner sides of human redemption are constantly experienced. All is well, only when the head is warmed by heart's blood. Yet the emotions themselves are so stirred and wrought upon by a Christmas or an Easter morning which are likely to be more distinguished for the æsthetic presentations of the truths of incarnation and the resurrection than for any other; and even Good Friday's minor harmonies so stimulate and exhaust the feelings, that there is need to enlist the guidance and calm of the intellect, especially where we have so much of warmth.

It is certainly not a full perfect ministering to men when we so speak that our people fail to recognize the atoning principle carried to its loftiest height in the death of Jesus. The judgment and reason, the conscience and will are so likely to be left out of the whole matter which these majestic realities involve, that even the minister, if he is dealing with the problem thus partially and only so, forgets in his preaching to estimate the value of the most apparently hopeless creature in his congregation, by the awful measurings of these truths. You will always *forget* what is not in and of your true life. You may sit for hours and work yourselves over and over, towards an interest which you hope will keep your mind keyed up to these valuations. It will all fail. Only personal spirituality will so totalize a man, that his intellect, sensibilities and will shall find all truth streaming out and in with respect to the central circle of himself which we call *conscience.* Here all streams are one. This is the supreme point of his life. There must come into every man's life, in an experience

indubitable and unforgetable, the fact that God is seeking to reveal Himself through us and must reveal Himself through us, if He reveals Himself at all, in the same way of humiliation and self-sacrifice, which we preach as the secret of Jesus. We must know, to make men believe, that a human life, which is the manifestation of God through a man, means Calvary, even now, as it also means Easter morning and Olivet, in the final issue of earth.

Two things let us reflect upon:

I. A vivid sense of the worth of any other man comes into the soul of the minister, who has really *lived* the Gospel all the way from God, whose good news it is to the human beings who need all good words so much.

II. The unity of doctrine, which is the unity of truth, cannot be realized except by the life integral—the life that is an unit—the Spiritual Life.

Our only way of escape from the materialism of our time and of avoiding disseminating it, is by the Spiritual Life. The urgency of Spiritual Life is the urgency of health,

which is "*holth*," or "*holiness*" and "*wholeness*." No materialism in practice can stand its winsome victoriousness. And when materialism is rooted out of conduct, and especially out of feeling, by the incoming and displacement wrought by the fresh presence of the spiritual, there is little need to be combative with scientific disproofs of the materialist's intellectual position. Over and beneath the little realm in one's mind, to which the universe is compressed by materialism, lie the vast realms which the Spiritual Life knows, as it feeds upon its verities; and the strength with which a minister emerges from these higher and deeper regions is a strength against which no shrewdness or skill of argumentation shall prevail. Indeed, by its side, no wisdom, except the wisdom of a little child, may stand.

Our time has the right and the disposition to honour each of you ever, not only as a truth-proclaimer but as a truth-seeker. It therefore demands of you a spiritual fineness. You must be able to stand unabashed, in the company of any band of truth-seekers and

share their experiences. Nay, more! You ought to be *their* minister and leader. Be sure that you grasp their hands and toil with them, your eye intent to see the deepest truth of man and God. No ordinary epic is this which you are to create in your own life, if you associate worthily with the world's truth-seekers.

Having already on hand a physical universe whose latest thin and spirit-like rungs of the ladder upward are the X-Ray and Radium, any new and finer height will be ascended only by your brother truth-seekers in natural science, whose passion is for Truth and whose supreme quality is Truthfulness. You, as well as they, will heroically put away all pleasant lies. You will not be afraid of being called inconsistent, if you are tacking ship on your unmarked course. Not even popular acclaim for your errors will lead you to defend them. You will offer any amount of labour and the quality of sincere enthusiasm, as your forerunners have. Their all has often been devoted to a long investigation, whose end was a brilliant and popu-

larly welcomed error. The expense was as sublime as its investment appears pathetic. Personal truthfulness always has its triumph here. There is no finer heroism than that which stands, after long prospecting and tunnelling, and expending of means and toil and hope, at last in possession of shining fragments, which the world is willing to make into current coin,—the tired searcher for Truth, however, hushing the shouts of the crowd by saying: "Friends of mine, this is beautiful; it has been won at great sacrifice, but it is not gold." I see this kind of heroism every day in the laboratory. I would have it in every minister's study.

The minister of the future will be master of that process which Matthew Arnold called "character passing into intellectual productions." His results will be true results, only because his character is true. He will be so true as to never fear for truth. Often he will say, with old Hales of Eton: "If with all this cost and pain my poor chase is but error, I may say to err hath cost me more than it has many to gain the truth." No honestly

gained error but proves an approach to truth. The Truth-lover had to tack ship; that is all. When he is truest, his acquaintance with Truth is so satisfactory that he preaches with Frederic Ozanam, of the Sorbonne, on "The Duty of Being Just to Error." This state of mind does not come of superficialness of feeling as to Truth. But it bubbles up from a depth of faith that fears nothing and will do all for Truth. "All things work together for *truth* to them who love the *truth*," for the same reason, psychological and theological, that "all things work together for *good* to them who love *God*."

A lying nature in the laboratory of the future will make every test-tube or retort, which he works in, a liar. The acid and alkali which he touches are speedily incapable of telling the truth. He simply must put his false personality into the solution. An untrue nature is not less dangerous in any study. The "personal equation" is everything. No man who is more interested in finding something which will support his opinion, than he is in finding truth for truth's

own sake, has any right to handle the fine apparatus of life. This is the curse on the System-Maker. He is always after something which will fit in and brace up his System. If Truth comes forth and does not lend herself to singing in time and tune with his partially organized choir—then, of course, Truth will not do. No other such blindness as to Truth comes to any, except to the coward who is always asking of Truth: "Is it safe?" or to the dividend-hunter who asks of Truth: "Will it pay?" To such essentially untrue souls, Truth is neither safe nor profitable.

The interests of Truth will always be safe in the hands of true men, and they will always be imperilled in the hands of untrue men. True men may make mistakes, but things will righten themselves up in time, and the mistake will be forgotten, and Truth and spirituality of life will walk together again. This is the comfort of the Church. When a David sings his Psalms, and a Peter preaches his sermon, we know that these men have fallen and are likely to fall again,

but the root of the matter is in them and they will rise up with their faces Zionward; and, after all is said or done, they alone are trustworthy as to the interests of Truth. Their lamentable blunders serve to accentuate its message and emphasize its supremacy. Other men may systematize Truth into more crystal-like form, but it is as dead as it is splendid. Orthodoxy of statement may be theirs, but a living wheat kernel is more valuable than the most accurately cut and gloriously polished Koh-i-noor. If a queen, with a newly discovered India on her hands, could choose between the gem and a single wheat kernel—there being but one such gem and a solitary kernel—she would choose the kernel, and grow enough wheat, in time, to buy a thousand such gems.

These reflections come to mean more, when we note that a certain devitalized, or at least non-vital religiousness tends to things crystallized. Life, however, always exults in living things; handling them, growing them, and reaping their harvests.

Perhaps the pulpit of our day has no

surer title to power than its unwillingness to throw aside irreverently any crystallization of Truth which may have been as partial as it was helpful, preferring rather the displacing and expulsive process of growth, finding at length that the crystallization has been but a shell which was meant to be broken, in order that the ever-living germ might be developed. The rebound from a too-slavish adherence to hard forms, especially for the reason that institutions allied with certain formulæ must be preserved, has come; and we have gone as far in the other direction, mentally, as we ought. The ethical aspect of the whole question must, however, claim the attention of every man.

How far can a minister go, in accepting the salary and social and clerical emolument which come along with a statement of what has been supposed to be true, which, nevertheless, at its best, is but a statement of a part of truth, and, at its worst, is a statement of what is false? It is not so much to the point that the world knows it and has us on trial,—the indictment against us insisting that we

dare not preach our creedal statements and that we forebear from preaching what is our real belief. Every minister knows that to be proven guilty by the world is of no such importance as to be guilty of duplicity in these things before God and himself. There can be no estimate too large of the desolation wrought with the sanctities of the minister's own conscience,—the self-respect which is central to the life of the man, as well as the reverence and regard which any community loves to pay to manly straightforwardness and moral leadership,—by the procedure of silence or compromise in these matters.

Perhaps nowhere has there been more unflinching honesty and transparent veracity with regard to opinions, and especially with regard to tabulated attainments of truth, than in the modern scientific movement. We ought to be at least as frank and true. We have had many brave and true men who have treated their ministerial character in the same lofty manner as that of Tyndall, when, with everything to gain temporarily, and with the yelping pack of scandal-mon-

gering clericals at his heels and the applause of the multitude of fellow-thinkers waiting for his word—after many years of effort, he said to his wife, in the joy of possessing truth which would have been welcome to any but a true soul under the circumstances: "My dear, I must say that the assumption of spontaneous generation is unsound." Goldwin Smith tells us that Jowett of Balliol, Stanley of Westminster, and Wilberforce of Oxford, are only a few of the large number of clergymen who, in his own time, "kept their positions of trust and honour while necessarily these acute and progressive thinkers were destroying the creedal statements to whose defense they had given their solemn pledge." He says, "I have always looked upon Huxley as a notable instance of the division which is taking place between the dogmas and the ethics of Christianity; the dogmas remaining with the orthodox, the ethics often going to the infidel. Upon the ethics it is to be hoped Christendom will reunite."

It is the ethics of which such men speak

that must furnish a basis for any orthodoxy which is worth the name. It is too late for dead men to be heroic, and it always is too late for a man without a decisive sense of righteousness to be heroic; but it is not too late for heroic men to so relate themselves to the creeds—good, bad, or indifferent,—that each man shall at least possess himself in God, in his own reverence, and communicate the worthiness of his character as a minister, which will always be the greatest part of his message to men.

Now that we have learned so much as to the frightful cost the Church is having to pay for past silence and compromise, no man ought to take a church which, years agone, has ever so honestly accepted a creed which now is impossible to the mind and conscience of the person, without his declaring, for the sake of a *con*servatism which is more than a *pre*servatism and which alone will keep the faith, his exact and unwillingly chosen position.

There will always work within us a just desire to maintain the continuity of Christian

teaching and the development of orthodoxy. Orthodoxy may appear to us as only the truth which has been generally received and accredited. If it is to live, it must live upon the lips and in the conduct and through the influence of the preacher. It must be itself such a living body of truth, that it has the power of assimilation and appropriation in the presence of all freshly apprehended truth. It must have the power of feeding upon and remaking itself out of what we call "new truth." This means the power of sloughing off form after form which may have appeared a thing of permanence. The orthodoxy of the preacher will always be less than the entire universe of truth. His chief interest, therefore, will be in the truth itself.

This is a position essential to an energetic ministry, but it is a position which will not be held for long, except by the warm grasp of the minister's Spiritual Life. Intellectually, he will find the privilege of silence inviting enough to his coldness. There will be a multitude of reasons for compromise, in order that this one or that one shall not be wounded,

if the minister is unheroic at the seat and centre of his life. Spiritual vitality alone will keep truth and the true man from being parted in this crisis.

There are doubtless perils in the other direction, against which we must be constantly warned. The ease, not to say self-satisfaction, with which men sometimes give up the truth is scarcely less than fearful. Let it be remembered by us all, that we will give up the spiritual truths which command us to a richer spiritual life and require from us a higher spiritual intensity, not because they are proven false to us, but because we are false to them. A man may well insist that his personal orthodoxy shall be true ; a minister must insist that all the truth he knows shall become his orthodoxy practically. Never give your congregation the right to think that in one part of your mind you hold certain things as orthodox and elsewhere you hold certain other things as true.

Moving from the authority of councils, as man has, to the authority of personal judgment associated with the long history of ideas,

he is far from being sure of himself. He can be sure, only in his God, through Christ, by the truth he has lived and is living. He must know the truthfulness of his truth, first of all in the truthfulness of his own spiritual life, and then in the lives of others. Finally truth will come back to him, from them, with new voices for him. Thus the spiritual welfare of a neighbourhood will be immeasurably exalted, by a common understanding attained at last, that Truth is something to live with, and forever.

LECTURE IV

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE AND THE PRESENT SOCIAL PROBLEM

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WHATEVER else our minister is, he is the representative and ought to be the incarnation of Christian scholarship. His very presence in the community places Christianity and culture on a pedestal. As his personality is vigorous, they will be seen of all eyes. Now it happens that it is Christian scholarship which attests how much nearer is the perpetual day, by the deeper problem of the moment. Consider our own, and see how deep and insistent it is. Many have been the functions offered for his choice, when the minister of Christ came to town, in former days, but now there are no controversies as to what Christian scholarship shall be and do, which do not silence themselves in the presence of the one tragic question which our day has found at

hand. The minister is more distinctly than at any other time the leader of the educational forces of his community, because his it is to make ideas the servants of conscience.

With pathetic appeal to all that is real within, and with noble faith in all that is prophetic without, the spirit of our time, quickened by Christ's influence and ideas, declines to stop longer with the elder educational controversy as to what proportion our culture shall contain of the language of nature and the languages of man. The query as to whether our Erasmus shall be a Newton, and whether our Queen Elizabeth shall answer the learnéd ambassadors in both Latin and Greek, or entertain them with the reported behaviour of insect or star, if unsettled, is at least postponed. All discussions which have arisen, in hours less conscious of the realities which we confront, out of either the materialism or insincerity of our age, are sternly put aside. These are hours when the problem of rich and poor detains the scholar at the relief office, if he may not solve it elsewhere. Its solution involves the future of

Christianity as well as of learning. It overawes everything. It dominates the school. The Church has been compelled to postpone trials for heresy or discussion as to apostolic postures, until she may either reaffirm the Golden Rule, or be stirred by some simple evangelist who seems unique, because he utters to what have been her falsities and indolence the Decalogue and the Gospel of Christ. There is a lull in the threatening approach of acute experiences to some observers.

Touching therefore these forces at many points, I warn you we are nearer the beginning than the end of the process of readjustment which itself may be final. Both our scholarship and our religious hopes, bound together in hope and service as they are in our present society, must not, at least in the Christian minister's thought and life, relapse into sleep; and now, if they are worthy of the hour, they will studiously confront the situation and measure their strength against foes which they alone may conquer.

The more cultured our minister to-day, the less remote shall he be from this task of

making a lasting peace. Not Isaiah's age, or that of Nehemiah or Jeremiah, could give, as yours and mine may give, the opportunity for a man who is a statesman, because he is first God's prophet as to the social crisis.

Our culture has heard, especially since the shock and thunder of our civil war have died away, how like the soul of Milton, its spirit should exist. It has listened to the familiar words :—

"Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart: "

and the easy obedience of our scholarship to that conception has furnished an example at once of heartiness and of grace. But she that learned not the other lines of Wordsworth's eulogy of him who was Cromwell's Latin secretary is learning much else. She learns now the peril with which any exiled truth comes home, as she is commanded by the voices of the hour, in the mutterings of approaching storms, to come forth from her retreats of scholastic refinement and her homes of meditative ease, and speak, as this same Milton spoke, in order that even yet

delayed duties may be performed and the panic be over-past.

"Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free:
So thou didst travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness: and yet thine heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

The educational question of the hour is the question of our statecraft and of our religion; and it is not whether our Roger Ascham and Lady Jane Grey shall spend the delightful hours in translating the ideas of Plato into seven languages, or in discovering the secrets of nature by triumphs in seven sciences, but whether the greatest truth to which they may have come shall have the accents of authority unto their powers to be and to do. This involves, for all of us, the working in us of a mighty moral motive power. We cannot merely wrap ourselves up in glorious truths. They are glorious only because they already glow. Whether we will or no, the air is on fire, and it will consume to the very skin, which it covers, all spiritual clothing which any *Sartor Resartus* wears, that, in this wilderness-march, proves to be unlike the gar-

ments of the Israelitish pilgrims which never grew old.

It is often as pitiful as reproachful—the way the thought of our time counts upon our scholarship rather than our Christianity to get the truth, and set it bringing to us the city of Humanity which we know is the city of God. There is much to be expected from this. Scholarship herself is not yet so debauched by selfish ease or blinded by timidity that she has ceased to announce the peril of holding burning truths, while she is loosely clothed in inflammable material: and already the word has gone forth that realities so fiery-footed as these which have been tempted from the clouds by our modern culture are not to be put away in the dry pockets of our landed tolerance, to wait our indolent employment of them in doing duty. Truth will transform opinion into conviction and impel conviction into heroic endeavour; or it will burn it to ashes and leave the guilty harbourer thereof blackened and charred with devouring flames. In the realm of sociology and political economy, for long, has our learning

"Called the red lightning from the o'er-rushing cloud
And dashed the beauteous terror on the ground
Smiling majestic."

Even scholarship knows we must do something more than this, with lightning.

The world of To-morrow has often been lost beneath the feet of a conservative, inactive, self-satisfied scholarship; and the great ideas which have come down from above, while, like the "beauteous terror," they were dashed upon the ground, were not exhausted of their power. They yet live and move; and the silver shields flash with their authority, as they bid us clear the way of every consumable error and every inflammable wrong that they may freely execute the will of God. Scholarship, without a conscience alive to the relations of man to man, has no place with us. It is essentially atheistic. It has no vision of the Fatherhood universal, for it is blind to the Brotherhood.

Modern scholarship and Christianity place awful power into our hands. Such, ever, is the fate of power in the universe—that it must be used. Such is the crisis which our scholar

always brings with him. What is our Christian scholar? He is the one being to whom life must always appear, both as a vision and as a duty. The order of progress, now and ever, is, first "the new heavens," and then "the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness." No recent schemes of induction can change this divine order. "Progress," says Hegel, "first in the idea, then in the thing." Life as a vision into which have been gathered every noble idea, every true sentiment, and every worthy purpose, with all their victory and their hope—a vision awfully grand with the announcement that it hangs in the heavens to be obeyed, glorified with the assurance that it is to be realized on the earth—this is the truest gift which years of instruction and of study may give to the scholar's soul.

At once, having confessed in his first act of doing the intelligent thing in the midst of ignorance, that he has yielded to the vision and believes that this ideal can be made real, —that vision and the duty become forever allied. The vision makes the duty ideal: the duty makes the vision real. The poetical is

practical; the new heavens and the new earth have come into at least one soul—"a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness." Yea —"wherein dwelleth righteousness,"—that which is the conclusion of culture lies as a faith at the heart of any mind's belief in the desirableness of knowledge. It grips the preacher almightily. And so the highest knowledge must concern itself with ethics. It has this seeking man as the central figure in all its achievements, the ultimatum of all its processes. This same being—man—will not stop with knowledge, but, with a distinctness which illumines the whole series of facts which lie behind him like mile-stones on his journey, he stands to say as he looks back along the path he came, through nature, through time, through experience: "I *ought*."

Man, as a phenomenon, confuses all but the Christian scholar. What preparations are yours to estimate and regard this thing—man —as an ethical fact and factor! The scholar has felt a consciousness of eternity growing in him, as he has turned over layers of the world's crystal story, untwisted the sunbeam

and found the quality of every thread, watched the sea of human thought with the record of its heart in some tiny sand-ripple of language, detected the growing complexities of human purpose and achievement, and sought to disentangle the unaccountable movements of brain and heart—a sense of eternity, in which this being *man* may gravely speak of right, and truth, and goodness.

The minister, as a Christian scholar, is the deliverer of men. He is the sworn acquaintance of something still more venerable than their revering age, something more ancient than their prudence; and into their solemn cautiousness concerning tradition it is his to introduce the permanent, which declines, because it needs not, their police duty to preserve its pedigree, or to enforce silence. The scholar sees the reality beneath all appearance: and it is his prerogative and fortune to furnish to the untrained his trained eye, that they, too, may know that there is a sky above and a river-bed beneath the flow of things. Wherever such a soul goes, there goes hope. He has had

the experience of nature in his science, the experience of man with ideas and principles in history, the experience of man with himself in his fearless study of the soul: "and experience worketh hope." To the hopeless man who has seen his flag go out of sight as it fell beneath the feet of wrong, he comes to lead him out of the atmosphere of momentary defeat to a larger induction, and to bid him up and on. Wherever such a soul goes, there go resoluteness and self-respect. The scholar has believed from the first in the desirableness of Truth, else he could never woo and win her: he has become persuaded of her eternal trustworthiness, else she would leave him alone. The Truth will work—the ideal which commands you is practical. No accommodating toleration of error is wise or right. No compromising economy of Truth is prudent or just. "The right will tunnel its own Alp." These announcements blaze from the banner of every scholar, and, at his heart, lies the faith of the ultimate unity of dream and duty.

The true minister, who is a modern scholar,

has also this double task. He is not only the continuer and commentator upon every predecessor, who, by agony and death, has brought Truth to dwell on the earth, but he also confronts the practical questions which leap up when the fresh Truth first encounters the ancient error, embodied as it is in institutions and living its sensitive life as it does in customs. He stands, as a prophet and an apostle, where the new Truth which his soul knows waits unquietly, whispering its haste into the one ear which listens: and, as a champion and worker, he beholds the critical hours go by, in which the elder Truth of his predecessor gains here an inch and there another, as it conquers the souls of men. His love of Truth has not robbed him of fraternal sympathy with the stoutest opposer. Nay; he loves Truth the more for the brother's sake to whom the Truth is yet heresy. He knows that Truth is fated to rule: he knows that the earth will resist. Custom will beg and curse and bleed: tradition will pray and excommunicate: institutions will frown and execute: ease and wealth will attempt to seduce and

silence: ignorance will forbid: but Truth and men are bound to meet on good terms or evil, in persuasion or in revolution; and the scholar, if he be manly and true to his Truth and mankind, must clear the way of its immortal advance to the human soul. Truth carries into the hand which holds it the obligation to realize it, to incarnate it. It will not promise safety to the man who detains it for speculation, or keeps it until the sleepy world wakes and asks him for his wares. Inflammable by nature, to warm, to blaze like a beacon, or to burn up the untrue, it will not be packed in the warehouses of the private soul or public sentiment. It is never safe, except when, on lightning feet, it runs from soul to soul.

Now, for many years, our scholarship has been discovering and harbouring more Truth as to the relations of what Yale has called "the haves and the have nots," than we have trusted. We have been timid about giving it out, for fear of all sorts of consequences. We have been cowardly about giving it free course, for fear of that unholy value which

has been set upon customs which it might assault, and institutions which it certainly will destroy. Penniless improvidence and gigantic greed have issued their threats founded upon most illogical inferences, and to these we have apologized for Truth's early appearance. Conservatism and radicalism have exhausted their resources of quotable commonplaces, and our culture has well-nigh lost its courage. Only the Christian scholar may have faith,—*faith* in the simple righteousness which has won every victory whose story our culture tells—the righteousness which massed the republican cantons of Switzerland against the arbitrary dominance of Austrian dukes; the righteousness which set the marshes of Holland aflame against Philip II; the righteousness which empowered England against Louis XIV, and taught France to dethrone her kings; the righteousness which made Greece repeat Marathon against the Turk; the righteousness of Kossuth and of Deak, yea, even the righteousness of Pilgrim and Puritan, of Otis and Warren, of Garrison and Ellsworth.

When we are complex and unspiritual, this has been too simple for our involved and ambitious culture to utter and defend ; and if there is to be a storm whose clouds apparently have already been marshalled everywhere, it will organize its deadliest currents in the interspace between the truth we know and the error we tolerate ; it will swell with direst cruelties in the void between what scholarship knows is right and what scholarship sees is wrong. Culture has well-nigh Christianized so-called Christian Theology. May not culture Christianize our political economy?

The scientific movement discloses the main current of scholarship. Is this our dependence? Then, of course, the day is lost for the pulpit and its minister, at least as to preëminence. What does culture make us say? What is the scholar sure of, while often the preacher hesitates? Fresh from the fields and seas, heavy with the trophies of research, comes our modern scholar; and our culture agrees that man is the key of nature's every mystery, because he is the goal towards which she has tended

from the beginning. Every waif of matter thrills with prophecies of him; every force in the ooze and slime runs manward; every wandering atom has a home for its lost meaning in his brain and heart. Scholarship adds to this the story of how brain dominates brawn, and how conscience sits supreme over all. What use have we made of this idea of the value of man, in our treatment of him in our social economics? Much as the beauties and wits of the French court stood on Oriental carpets, or sat at luxurious tables and toyed the while with the unsuspected forces of the revolution, has our culture sat in its library and meditated in its laboratory, concerning this tremendous and far-reaching idea of the true valuation of man as seen in the history of the physical universe. Nature's most insignificant movement has been precious there, only by how much it has hastened the development of man, just as time's most lauded era is that which has aided the enthronement of the soul above the body, and pointed most clearly to the sovereignty of conscience above the intellect.

"What will it do for the enlightenment of man?" has our historian asked, as he has come upon some turn in the current of affairs in the past. "What did it do to make him more independent of physical circumstances, less a slave of his hunger and of the weather, more deliberate in his thought, more self-determinative—more a man in God's image?" This our student has asked as he has read of some Alfred's influence or Wat Tyler's rebellion. So, in our easy chairs, have we been confessing to the enthronement of man. And even behind our stained windows, there has grown up a lofty humanism as an ideal. It has grown up and has gone out into the world to conquer by the power of God. But it confronts a political economy which still is the deification of *laissez-faire*. It hears much of the value of machinery and the exquisite music of mechanism. It is invited to look into bursting ledgers and wonder at the fortunes which have come forth in a day. We ask proudly if ever silk like this came from the mills of any other century? Did ever philosophy dream

that profits like these could accumulate so rapidly? Can the pages which the scholar turns point to such products? Can the genius of discovery go beyond the whirling steel or growing value of these? Answer yes or no; but our scholarship has at last been taken by what are called dangerous classes, and they ask what quality of *man* does all this bring forth, what tissue of heart cord, what hardness of righteous conviction, what whiteness of sentiment, what strength of purpose, what purity of heart?

The reply is, "Just now that is a dangerous method of questioning; for Daniel Webster, or somebody else, once said that property is the basis of progress or the main thing to be looked after in statecraft. So soon as the labour problem is settled, we mean to look into that; but that is impractical now." Ah, dear victim of sophistry!—the truth as to the value of Man is at last out into the fields of our political economy; it has been caught up by the striker, and has been flung into the air by the mob; it will be again; and you must

leave your ledgers to welcome a truth so long delayed. No modern cannon can shoot this idea down, though the mob be slain at your door. But we know that this idea, tossed into the air by the agitators, does not belong to them? Yet, brothers, who shall tell them that it means law and not anarchy, since the scholar has too little known them? The communist will not listen to me, for I have been quiet so long, and the sunlight I have kept back so long only shows him a dagger gleaming at his side. He sees nothing else but that. So much for my "scholarly ministry." My Christianity, slowly gaining consciousness, now acknowledges that the religion which avows that Man is the great factor in the equation of this world, and worth God's valuation of him at the Cross, must insist on the fullest agitation as to the adequacy of the principle of our current political economy. Because vulgar men have stolen a flag which we have not defended, we must not falter in making it safe.

We are a little late, because any conscien-

tious accountant with the pulpit ornamented by the Cross of Jesus, must reckon on the fact that Christianity has been here and witnessed the haughty growth and at length the supremacy of selfish greed. Cabet said frankly, "If Christianity had been interpreted and applied in the spirit of Jesus Christ, if it were rightfully understood, and faithfully obeyed by the numerous sections of Christians who are really filled with sincere piety, and need only to know the truth to follow it, then Christianity would have sufficed and would still suffice to establish a perfect social and political organization, and to deliver mankind from all its ills." What but our own spiritual life, my brothers, can yet bring the city of God?

A scholarly Christianity must be depended upon to insist, with the classes who are likely just now to quote these neglected words against wealth, that Christianity proposes not an abolition of labour, or a blessing on improvidence, but their inspiration and glorification instead. But, to both the wealth which has gone uninformed of its

duties, and to the poverty which has to say nothing except of rights, the day of reason lies in the breast of a fearless active scholarship acquired on and at the foot of the Cross, *not* in conned conclusions adopted legislatively by an impersonal thing called a nation, but in inwrought convictions and redemptive inspirations creative in each man of a new heart. Our new and true spiritual life which will renovate and reconstitute a sound society at this point will begin in personal regeneration or conversion, and it will begin in the house of God.

We hear much of an era of individualism closing, and an era of communism opening, in our day. Scholarship must point out how dark a day it will be for humanity when either of these shall rule supreme. It is a most vicious falsity which often hides under our tongues when we complacently sing —

> "The individual withers, and the world is more and more."

What is the world for, but to serve as a machinery and scaffolding, that the man may

be fashioned and built the more grandly? Society with forces of government and subtle economics, a vast collection of manifold organizations, has no defense,—save as society upbuilds men. In all the great dream of humanity, the duty comes to the individual and bears its blessing from him. We shall have a great society, when the individuals composing it are great. The Christ of God, who taught us of humanity, taught us most of the value of the personal man. "Somebody," said this leader of men, "*Somebody* hath touched *Me*, for I perceive that virtue hath gone out from Me." The individual is in God's eye, and the weakest one, when society has wronged him, has power in his whisper to revolutionize customs and make institutions tremble into dust. Our scholarship needs to teach this to our politics, and social life, and our religion must grow more willing to rest its kingdom with one Samaritan woman at the well, by telling her the most radical truth, rather than with the herd whose clamour may drown the voice.

Still must we see that the true individual will love his race, and that a worthy socialism shall make him strong at every point. Like Paul, our religion and scholarship must be able to write in the same chapter: "Bear ye one another's burdens," and "Every man must bear his own burden." Shall we not be equal to this task?

On the one side stands selfish ease and wealth, which has intrenched itself and incarnated its spirit in laws and institutions, lazily saying: "The height of true socialism means the greatest good to the greatest number,"—saying it, until it means that so long as the majority is satisfied to call it good, the unjust law, the unholy custom, is good, though the individual perish—an individual, who, as he goes to the wall, is said to be the exception proving the rule. "The individual withers, and the world is more and more." On the other side stands an unscholarly communism, often miscalled or disguised as socialism, which forgets that all real freedom or power is intensely personal, that all true achievement comes by way of the individ-

ual; that all genuine manhood is to be won each man for himself; and it prates about paternal governments and human laws, which are expected to seize every indolent fragment and aimless atom of the social world and somehow consolidate and inform them all with self-respect, opulence, and power. It says the world must be legislated into greatness and goodness, or it must be blown up. "The individual withers, and the world is more and more." These are the arch-heretics which scholarship must confront.

The individual must be preserved. To substitute any governmental influence which may take a nerve from his power, or a disposition to make life and success a personal affair, is to do him a great wrong. To take away the possibility of a struggle is to render heroism impossible for him.

> "Cast the bantling on the rocks,
> Suckle him with the she-wolf's teat:
> Wintered with the hawk and fox,
> Power and speed be hands and feet."

Nature and the soul cry into the ears of every man who would be born into a prob-

lem whose solution lies at hand, "Thy God hath commanded thy strength." Scholarship has, with Stuart Mill, seen that this elimination of personal liberty is the chronic weakness of modern socialism. The organizations which compel men to work or not to work, at the command of a distant committee, have struck a blow against the manhood of the country. Every advance of the labouring man has come with an enlargement of personal liberty, and this always must mean an enlargement of personal responsibility and of respect for law. He does the most for the needy who makes him strongest for himself. Power must be inspired, and never ceases to be personal. What shall inspire this personal power, but a personal religious life whose soul is love—the most personal enthusiasm of humanity, because first it is God's life revealed in the man himself?

But the very wealth which agrees to all this needs to be taught its responsibilities to this very individual. To some things he has rights—to justice and to brotherhood. And

the individual capitalist has the right—yea, the duty, of being a brother to him. To get the richest and the poorest to reach the best they may be, means to introduce them personally to one another beneath some true moral ideal. This does not mean the conversion of capital to the uses of the non-capitalist as such. The Christian minister must discover to poverty and riches that true wealth will have less and less to do with, and depend less and less upon material things, and more and more upon the spiritual. It means that both capitalist and labourer shall be so spiritually attached to God the Father, through Jesus Christ the brother, that each shall pray: "*Our* Father. Thy kingdom come, and give us this day *our* daily bread."

Is it because our knowledge of Jesus Christ has not felt itself called upon to perform any duties, that only a blatant social anarchist to the terror of the capitalist's soul cries, "Jesus Christ is the first Socialist"? Clergymen are asked to-day by an orthodoxy, which, in the midst of ill-gotten gain, has forgotten its anxiety about the infallible authority of the Scrip-

tures, if really the Golden Rule is not an impracticable sentiment after all. The most dangerous of the dangerous classes is a man who has nothing but contributions whereupon to spread a Bible with the Golden Rule in it, wrapped up in a theory of Scriptural infallibility, save his systematic faithlessness unto its high behest. Our Christian scholarship must insist upon the fact that this same lofty principle, called the Golden Rule, has put more money into the purse of mankind than all the selfishness of ages. The worth of human life never came from the dominance of the iron-rule. The coin which stands for a day's task is richer to-day, means more of opportunity, represents more that makes life desirable, than a coin which stood for the task nineteen hundred years ago, not because of the triumph of the policy of *laissez-faire*, but because of the slow gains of that transcendental word of the Galilean visionary who, even now, as then, in our regnant political economy, has not where to lay His head.

Systems which are falling to pieces to-day fall in the sunlight of this mighty command.

Problems must be met, which grow more complex day by day, because we dare not risk this divine truth. Shall our Christian scholarship halt? A true scholar knows that every delay whets the sword and makes it more fatal to whomsoever it may touch. It is said that Seward, in 1858, walking with a companion from the Capitol, where flags were flying to celebrate the birth of Washington, pointed to these emblems so splendid in the sun and said scornfully: "Look at those flags —and yet they talk of disunion!" He saw not the great law of expiation. He had forgotten that some one must pay for the compromises in the Constitution. Even Webster called the abolition movement "a rubadub agitation." These represented a scholarship which had not gone deep as great principles, but had been content with the orations of Cicero, rather than the profounder lines of conscience.

Our social problem will not vanish because vulgar men howl and because illustrious men whisper. "The wisdom from above is first pure, then peaceable."

I readily grant it will be a difficult task for even our most pretentiously religious scholarship, which has silently let certain men pile up wealth upon false foundations, and avoided the unpleasant lower classes for so long, to get the ear of either of these. A socialist confronts our conservative scholarship, which has had faith in man, and he tells us: "You have known that social economy to be true or lasting must be in harmony with the nature of things; you have known that *Man* is that one goal towards which everything in nature and life has run; you have been singing with Dryden:

> "'From harmony, from heavenly harmony
> The universal frame began:
> From harmony to harmony
> Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
> The diapason closing full with Man.'

You know also that the law which strengthens only the strong, even when the man who holds the fortune puts it as the law of the universe, is not in harmony with Man's best hope. It unmans both the strong and the

weak. It makes one a brute, the other a machine. All this you have known, and yet you have been silent. Why has this truth not been inserted in the midst of tables of statistics and reports on imposts and duties? Sismondi's question to Ricardo: 'Is wealth everything; is man nothing?' has long ago been answered, both by religion and scholarship. Why have you not spoken it? 'The starting-point, as well as the object-point of our science,' said Roscher, 'is Man.' Why, then, has the quality of the goods which he would make, rather than the fibre of his soul and the weal of his body, been made the whole topic of your economy? Ah! you have been cowardly, when you ought to have spoken. *Be silent now.*"

> "'Tis the day of the chattel, web to weave and corn to grind,
> Things are in the saddle and ride mankind."

A well-fed conservatism also often objects to what is called dangerous agitation on the part of scholars, and is noisy enough about its objections to remind one that even Erasmus was moved to say to those to whom Luther

was but a demagogue: "I say to you to scream less, and to think more."

God knows I would not urge the coming ministry of my Lord to a quick and loyal acknowledgment of these truths and their immediate incarnation in you, just to save the day and win respect for the pulpit in all the future. Not because it is tactful, shrewd or just prudential, ought you to live a life spiritual enough to ally you with this inevitable reform. The Spiritual Life cannot be thus buckled on, because it has a battle on likely to triumph soon in other hands, if you do not push to the front. I trust this will come by peaceful evolution: but heaven knows that in our latest and second revolution when chattel slavery was the issue, American Christianity, along with American scholarship, was so nearly supine and unintelligent, as to lift by contrast into unforgetable eminence those pulpits of Christendom which were awake and valiant; and our failure to educate the nation North and South through a higher, deeper Spiritual Life, as to divine values of things human, accounts for the frightful

inadequacy of the so-called solution of the race-problem. First of all, we thought we could free men by material policies made successful. No proclamation of emancipation, backed only by a majority and a sword, can make anybody good enough to deliver his fellow to freedom or the poor fellow himself good enough to take it. A spiritualization of the whole problem, by an inflow of Christian motive upon hearts and lives of all concerned in it, must still be ours before we have even begun aright with this matter.

The Christian pulpit lost its great opportunity, and will yet have to take it. Piety and justice must some day be at one on this affair. In such a case, it is usually the pulpit, unable for lack of spiritual vigour to be entirely independent of the opinion and apparent interest of the majority, which objects longest to the inevitable progress of renewing ideas in and through minds out of the pulpit and often out of the Church, and so the end is that the influence of the pulpit and Church appear pitifully small in the hour of their victory. Let us not fight our cause's better

orator, if we must decline to say much at present.

Even that new South, rising out of the old, now sees that her best friend was not he who cried, "Hang Phillips and Yancey together," but rather the fearless scholar who was of nothing so sure as of the safety of righteousness. The agitation upon us is Pentecost against Babel-towers. In it is our only hope of order. The capital of the world which most protests against agitation, either through joy or dread of memories, will see how wealth needed a better motive for its production, a truer method for its growth, and a more genuine security for its existence and influence, than our system of economics furnishes. Wealth will repudiate, some day, the religion or scholarship which does not now see that the strong sentiments, the deep instincts of the human soul, on which stable society rests and which have so largely been ruled out of both our theories and practice, must be respected. Our scholarship has not forgotten history. We want a Pentecostal faith in Christ's idea of man. It is simple.

There is a fatality which attends all culture which neglects to reckon largely on those truths which need no acute intellectual voyager to find them. Where such a scholarship droops, the homelier scholarship which has been true to the truths nearest home—true enough to trust them—has builded its monument in a reformed church or a new commonwealth. In his great poem, "The Dream of Gerontius," Cardinal Newman has written the words, "It is the very energy of thy thought which keeps thee from thy God." Our orthodox rationalism in theology and political economy is our curse. It is a sign of unreality, when the intellect speculates in the presence of a truth confessed, but all involved and unpurposed. It has first made a corpse for the knife of its anatomy. That truth lying dead is a warning; the next truth shuns that soul, while

> "The intellectual power through words and things
> Goes sounding on its dim and perilous way."

There is a simplicity of practical faith in the apprehended truth which *does* it; and the do-

ing of apprehended truth lies at the bottom of all discovery of the unapprehended. That faith in the Monk of Erfurt launches a heroic life upon its unsounded deeps and begins a reformation. It has the wisdom of a child, in the presence of the caution of an Erasmus. That faith in Savonarola made the contemporaries of the Medici breathe freely, if but for an hour, an atmosphere sure to become permanent by and by. That faith made Henry Winter Davis refuse to remain in college by the help of the money realized from the sale of a human being—a slave set to his share in the distribution of his father's property—clarified his culture, forbade the entrance of unheroic ideas into his soul, and prepared him for days in which he should come hither from the South to say: "You see the conflagration from a distance; it blisters me at my side." These men are not the preservatives of dead forms bottled and duly shelved; they are conservatives of living ideas. We need not strain for the needed truth. We need only to be true and truthful.

What a far-reaching culture which declines

the responsibility of realizing the ideals which it does reverence, and trusting the truth it does confess, has missed, comes to that deeper, simpler culture which reads the human soul and is faithful to every truth it finds. The commoner angels of God are the best for us when we are wrong, and they are the hardest to entertain. None of God's more illustrious ministers of grace will be familiar with us so long as we simply make love to their fellows.

> ' A few strong instincts and a few plain rules
> Among the herdsmen of the Alps have wrought
> More for mankind at this unhappy day
> Than all the pride and intellect of thought."

The instinct of right and the rules of justice come with no cowering forms to the Christian scholar for protection : but they come with authority. Why shall he doubt them ? They say, " We have been with you in all the centuries of which you have read, in the nature you have explored and in the soul you revere ; a superficial culture has left our side ; the battle and the issue are ours. Shall our vic-

tory be yours also?" Just now it is said: "Ah, this is not the Christian scholar's task or fortune. We must not expect great enthusiasms or much eloquence, for there is no crisis for which men's souls are to be trained." Always are those men, to whom life is both dream and duty, informed that there is little at present for them to do, for the great victories are all won.

We have been assured that when Charles Sumner came into the United States Senate to begin his most practical labours, on the day upon which Henry Clay walked out, he was met by Thomas Benton, who, seeing his genius, lamented that there was no great career for him. Said he: "You have come upon the stage too late, sir. All our great men have passed away. Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Clay, and Mr. Webster are gone. Not only have the great men passed away, but the great issues too, raised from our form of government and of deepest interest to its founders and their immediate descendants, have been settled, sir. The last of these was the National Bank, and that has been overthrown

forever. Nothing is left you, sir, but puny sectional questions and petty strifes about slavery and fugitive slave laws, involving no national issues."

There are Bentons saying this to the young Sumners of the pulpit to-day. I would not have you debaters, but I would have you seek to rejuvenate social conscience by developing the Spiritual Life in the presence of Jesus Christ. That alone will meet the facts—for men are wrong and need not so much new laws as a new law of love—each man for himself. This preaching alone will avail, in view of the fact that all the past is trembling in the balance to the man who truly sees the present, and that the next problem is always greater, as its solution shall be grander, than the last. Our faith is that only an unyielding idealism, now fortified by the testimony of culture and the presence of Christ in the souls of His brothers, can bless the most realistic toiler on these shores. The deeper and darker the materialism of the hour, the greater the triumphs of the light which shall conquer it. Shall not the Christian ministry,

trained in these halls, lead in the education of the conscience of Humanity? God grant that it may be so, and let all the people say: Amen!

LECTURE V

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE AND ITS DETERMINATIONS AND DELIVERANCES

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ONE of the richest discoveries which a minister makes, let us hope early, but it may be late in his career, is that his emancipation from what he should not be and should not do as a minister, is attained in the emancipation granted to his whole nature, when he is delivered over, soul, body, and spirit, to God Who alone is his Being's satisfaction and glory.

The question immediately comes, after such a statement as I have made, and I can see it upon some lips at this moment: "Would you, if you were, for example, addicted, for whatever reason in your nature or your training, to merely logical processes, seek to be delivered from this, by seeking first and all the while a deeper and broader spiritual life?" I answer at once, unhesitatingly, "*Yes*," and

I would say to any, who, at the other extreme, suffer on the score of partialness, because they have not the logical faculty fairly developed, and are therefore likely to be not logical, and who, of course, wish to escape from all mere patchwork and disorderliness in thinking—I would say to them also: Do only one thing, first and all the while. "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." "His righteousness" or rightness!—it is all personal. The truest explanation of this urgency that, first and all the time, we should seek the kingdom of God, is made evident in the fact that nothing can be really added "to you"—that is, to your personality—until you are in a condition of mind for receiving additions through your spiritual life. I mean the condition of mind which comes of seeking a kingdom, not of your own, and still less of the world, but primarily and eternally "of God." Any addition that will issue in a completion of your powers, as a minister, will be "to you," personally, and not to your powers as such.

Softly and surely rising beneath our careened faculties, slowly, and even caressingly, beneath both bow and stern that cannot move themselves away from the wet sand upon which many a man has drifted, the tide of a true spiritual life rises. It is amazing how quickly our useless sails unfurl themselves in the fresh possibility of movement. Our rusting machinery plies its mechanisms with the ocean tide below, while, away from rock and shoal, our faculties for thinking the right thing and saying the right thing and doing the right thing glide into the open sea, welcoming any storm and daring any solitude of distance, in order that we who are children of the Infinite may have an infinite course and may reach at last our infinite goal. Such is the minister's experience, partially and briefly hinted in this one experience of being delivered unto God.

Our capital mistake in these matters usually is this—that we try to get ourselves afloat, spiritually,—that is, we try to get the whole of our nature moving out to sea,—by intellectual activity alone; and that is, by work-

ing certain machinery inside of us, if we are big enough to have much machinery, or, in the case of a sailboat, by hoisting sail or essaying some other kind of lofty activity which is all the more pitiable when one sees that the hull of the boat is still on the wet sand. The truth is, intellectual activity is never so expensive, or foolish, as when we are thus beached, and there is no Spiritual Life about us or in us; and, therefore, nothing is moving except the remote edges, perhaps, of a retreating tide.

Now, I am not going to enter into the question as to how much and how constantly we have to depend, in this matter, on the behaviour of the tide itself. You say we cannot make tides and that Spiritual Life is of the grace of God; that the "wind bloweth where it listeth," and that we cannot create for ourselves a satisfactory Spiritual Life any more certainly or easily than we can lift ourselves by our boot-straps—all of which is an interesting exhibit of half the facets of a gem-like truth.

I shall not ask to fasten your interests to

the other side of this truth, with its equally engaging facets, and insist upon what may seem an extreme view of a man's power over himself, though we all agree that the start is primarily with God in the increase of any spiritual life. I have only to say that there is no deliverance for the minister from intellectualism, and from the diversity of other and all bondages and limitations, which scarcely share the dignity of this word,—*none* that is not, first of all, and all the way through, a deliverance by means of a rising and dominant tide of Spiritual Life.

I have touched one exemplary problem. Let us give attention to more of the deliverances which we need. An experienced spirituality of life will make mere intellectual formulæ crack and snap, as did the fire lit by the pioneers in the woods, to clear the soil for the first plowing. It was the only healthy thing to do. Lighting a flame was progress; and yet it was the way of conservatism to get the land ready for plowing. Such is the true order of Spiritual Life. But these fires are of the Spirit. Forget my figure of speech,

and note how often one's total life Godward, that is his Spiritual Life, saves his mental operations from misleading himself and his people. Is it Dr. Bayley, in the city of my first parish, holding in clearest intellectual light, as it seemed to him, doctrines of limited atonement and election which never seemed so cold and cruel as when new-born souls were shouting for joy all around him? What was the divine power causative of a new event in and for him? It was the new Spiritual Life of the man, who was one of the most acute thinkers I ever knew. It was lifting him out and away from anything less gracious than the creed of his personal experience with these newly-named children of light.

Rest assured, the intellect finally comes around and arranges its formulæ in accordance with the facts of Spiritual Life. Let me speak of something still less apparently religious. In an earlier day, our pulpits were training strong men, especially for the practice of the law, through the influence of certain pulpits in the Middle West, notably two

pulpits in Indianapolis, by masterful, logical presentations of truth. The Indianapolis bar was known for twenty-five years over America as a singularly strong body of practicing lawyers. It was easily observed that the biography of these men had to do with the pulpit methods of at least two powerful preachers; and I have often heard President Harrison, who was one of the young men thus influenced, recite the histories of five great lawyers in the middle states, who had learned to reason in straight lines, through the training received from the pulpits to which their young manhood had come admiringly. Now this is a very desirable result—namely, to have taught men to be logical; and it is especially desirable that young lawyers should learn to reason in straight lines.

But there is another side of it. The eminent result of these men of the pulpit never came to these young men, even as intellectual force and orderliness of mind, until, by their own confession, in the tide of a new Spiritual Life, each of them was lifted forth, and an oceanic breadth and depth of Chris-

tian experience was granted unto each which made the preacher's exercitations in the most logical and theological statements seem, indeed, valuable anchors and redoubtable cables, or the staples to which they were attached. And this was all? I know you say that this "all" is very much. Yet the human race does not depend so seriously upon the logic of its faith, as upon the enthusiasm and loyalty begotten thereof. Happily, oftentimes, and especially may the remark be made when we think of many impossible but apparently logical theological systems, "man is a very illogical animal." He is safe only when he is spiritual in his life. It was not "*all.*" These men were made not only logical, but more—they were made *spiritually-minded.*

Politicians arise upon the stump to prove to us how the country will logically go to ruin, if certain principles are adopted by a vote for the party who has written them in the platform. Lo! that very party succeeds in the election!—and Lo! *also,* the country does not go to pieces. It is not because

the speaker was not logical in his warning speech, and not primarily because the people were anti-logical, but because the principles written in the platform were only abstract. We see what occurred then occurring now. At once, a great deep life—that is, the experienced patriotism of the people comes in, logic or no logic, like a tide. That gracious tide attends to the business of freeing a thousand helpless ships whose going forth is an event filled with benefit. The convoy is orderly, by an instinct or an unnamed impulse. The argosy moves on. The country is safe.

Now, on the other hand, another weakness of the pulpit from which the true Spiritual Life, and that alone, is most likely to save us, is sensationalism. I will say more, and that I believe the only thing that can save us from a very disorganizing, and withal delightsome weakness in the direction of sentimentalism, is powerful Spiritual Life. Intellectually alone, you cannot down the emotions. They ought not to be downed. They ought to be blended with streams of thought and

currents of will. A single tear will wash away an Alp of the cooler brain. Many a minister, especially in our time, is quite aware that the recoil from our over-intellectualism in demonstration of the truth of dogmas, is executing now its worst judgment upon the Church, which has too long kept the heart out of pulpit and pew—so long, indeed, that, now returning, the heart is making havoc of things here and there with an overflow of sentiment which is not miscalled sentimentalism. The same thing which has occurred in certain developments of our poetry has occurred in the pulpit. A disposition to take only the little crippled children and make them walk in their most difficult hours before us, and an almost insatiate desire to exhibit the unfortunatenesses of certain classes of society for a commercial, though often honest literary end; indeed, the whole painful and overwrought effort to make people cry because there are so many things in the world to cry about, has taken the place of that "deep, sad, still music of humanity," which has ever honoured sorrow wherever

it has its ministries, and always hastens to the side of pain wherever it quivers nobly, and may never rest, until this world of tears has been forgotten in the glory of a world where "God shall wipe all tears away from their eyes, and there shall be no sighing, neither any more pain." Whatever dangers there may have been in other times from logic, it was as nothing to our danger to-day from the lacrymose unctuousness that spills, and the apparently profitable sentimentalism which infects the pulpit message.

Perhaps there is no such peril in evangelism as this; and ours is an age in which we have brought in the evangelist at such a time and for such a reason that our supposed extremity of need cannot well keep him tethered to the accumulated wisdom of the Christian pulpit. Having concluded that the evangelist, as such, is not a person whom we really desire in our pulpit, and yet being desperately conscious that a certain work must be done by somebody, we, therefore, have been often led to imitate his methods, to obtain his results.

I am bound to say that nothing has more hopelessly anchored our ship, which has already been beached because there is too little Spiritual Life under it, and anchored it where the sands which are the sport of every wind are filling it, than the usual pulpiteering—for I cannot call it preaching—which works with these motives and methods.

There are very few James Whitcomb Rileys in the pulpit, by the grace of God, who can stop with one, or two, or even a dozen "Little Orphan Annies." I have never known a man who took himself for an Eugene Field in the pulpit who, having succeeded with one "Little Boy Blue", did not find other little boys of other colours who were passing away so rapidly that the people in the congregation begin to feel much as persons do who read the special column in most newspapers now devoted to the humours and hysterics of humanity. There grows up in the mind of the people, under such tutelage, a power which at the first is amazed at this recognition of suffering and sorrow, but it has gone to the theatre so often, and it has

contented itself with doing nothing but to weep in the presence of described grief so frequently, that now, at length, it just contentedly lies on the wet sand, fastened more securely by the rope of enervating conventionalities which have made it gritty with the sands themselves.

A certain series of stories is rife—a series, each of which get a pious twang, associated with their rendering, which is almost assured of success in bringing tears to an audience, and for these same reasons. They may be compared to a like series used in the generation earlier even than ours; and any thoughtful man, who will thus compare them, will be shocked at the desolations which he knows must have been wrought, age succeeding age, by the woeful melodramatist in the pulpit. The real difficulty to be met is found in the lack of spiritual life. A man will be as logical as he ought to be—that is, his logic will be like the articulation of bones, which have been described as furnishing opportunity for flesh and blood to become beautiful and sublime,

eloquent and musical—if he is living such a holy life that the wholeness of his nature is strongly permeated with God. A man will be as tender as he ought to be, if his heart and head are so unified in a common experience that his intellectual life is all suffused with emotion, as the brain is irrigated with blood, and his emotional life is all guided by intelligence, though not restrained by any mere processes of reasoning. Why men should look elsewhere, to have this miracle of unification accomplished within them except in the Spiritual Life, I cannot say. Truly says one master, "The heart has reasons that the reason can never know." And as truly we are told, "If a man does not sometimes lose his reason, he has no reason to lose." So also it may be said, upon the other side, in full recognition of the fact that "the heart is the best theologian," that there is nothing more needed than to love God "*with all the mind*." Without a life of deep and quickening thought, the emotional will run off with everything and wear one out. We must not fail to do what we are asked to do by an

American philosopher: "to eliminate unnecessary emotions." We have enough necessary ones, if we are true ministers of God to men.

One thing we must know. The preacher's sermons will come out of the preacher's life, or they will not be sermons. They may be essays with texts provided as mottoes, exercises in public speaking with the material of religion as clay in the hands of the potter. If they become only pious declamation, or excited colloquy, issued forth when and where the minister knows no one dare say a word or is expected to ask a question save those of himself to which he has provided all answers, the cause of the effect is himself. If his life is so small that it can express itself in terms so that he succeeds only logically, his sermons will be theological or sociological addresses. If, on the contrary, his life is such as can express itself fully only in emotion or sensation, his personal lack of wholeness, of *integrity*, will drown truths, in themselves immortal, in his poor but frequent lacrymosities. To save himself, let his life be utterly lost in

the life of God. Then none of these things, which so repulse the manliness of our age, can happen in his pulpit.

I hope none of you will think that I am mentioning things unworthy of your attention,—God help you!—only He may help you, if they seem to be small—things from which, I am sure, nothing but the Spiritual Life at its completest and intensest can free any of us. Almost every one perceives the large things he does, or the things which get into his methods and make him a consciously weaker man than he ought to be. We agree that we ought to get clear of them, somehow. Nothing but the Spiritual Life will accomplish this for us. Let me assure you, also, that it takes a most intense Spiritual Life to burn out of a man the little pests of his ministries.

We may wisely remember Angelo's word: "Perfection is made up of trifles, but perfection itself is no trifle." We are amazed and awed at these so-called negative trifles, when they lay waste the princely things of the ministry, as they do oftentimes. From these

we must be delivered. "The little foxes that spoil the vines" are more to be feared, if one is growing grapes, than the lion and bear which are probably not in our neighbourhood, for the very reason that we are too beset with what we call our small enemies.

The minister's views of himself and others are made *proportional*, only in the Spiritual Life. This is one of its determinations. The deliverances follow.

No one can ever doubt that what is known as self-conceit has its antidote only in the Spiritual Life. There is nothing that a minister needs more than self-reverence, with self-knowledge and self-control. One of the wisest of poets has well said: "These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

Emerson has not over-preached the reverence one ought to have for one's own soul, and many have demonstrated its fruitfulness in character and good deeds. But all true reverence of one's soul is opposed to self-conceit. To revere one's self is the consequence of obeying the precept: "Revere God!" He makes the soul grand.

> " Revere thy soul
> Fetch thine eye
> Up to the manners of the sky."

One is never delivered *from himself*, until he is delivered *into the hands of Almightiness.* The all-wisdom must swallow up our efforts and experiences at being wise, or we shall be the most foolish of coxcombs.

Probably egotism never flings so dismal a shadow, as in the case of the minister. The ministerial measurements are so mountainous; our sun, in the case of self-conceit, is such a flame that, when the light falls upon one's back, the shadow which it casts is deep with darkness and stretches afar, haunting the ways of progress with its gloom, and compelling one's eyes to see everything through the thickness and dolor of one's projected self. The greater a man is by nature, the longer and thicker the shadow he then casts. Self-conceit is something other than John Adams' magnificent self-respect, or John Milton's confidence in the superiority of his faculties, or the conscious grip upon his own faculties which made Leonardo able to say

truthfully: "I will undertake any work in sculpture, in marble, in bronze, or in terra cotta—likewise in painting I can do as well as any man, be he who he may."

Our self-reverence, of which I have spoken as self-conceit, is too often the reverence for the appearance of one's self, *not* as a redeemed son of God, and one honoured by his heavenly Father, by being called upon to minister unto men, with respect to the mightiest of all the precious things in the universe. This pest abides in our own estimate as to *what* God had to do with, not in our estimate of *what God has done with poor and recalcitrant material.* Self-respect roots itself in God, not in us; in the artist, not the stone He touches with His power and grace. Because we have it not, we cringe and fawn and compromise. The authoritative note which manhood in its experience with truth, and God Who is the author of all truth, creates, is wanting in us. So, the music falters and lacks a coherency of movement, because there is not conviction of one's right to utter the interior experiences of a humble child of God.

Only these experiences make this child of God a minister unto the other children of the heavenly Father. Not for the sake of discovering this note valuable, and, indeed, indispensable, as it certainly is to the preacher, should we start out upon the hopeless task of creating reverence for ourselves. We can pray, and we must pray, that God will so humble "us under His mighty hand," that, consequentially, as the apostle seems to hint, we may "be exalted in due time." When that exaltation comes, it will be the result of an inflow of the divine life upon our heated and blossomless desert, which has stretched itself so far and so long under a glaring sun. Its very baldness and aridity generate the consciousness that it needs defense. This self-consciousness becomes desperate in self-conceit. The interests of such a life must ever be outside itself. Its own process of living will be interesting, only when the seeds are bursting beneath the soil and the roots are springing everywhere, and the tall grasses sway in the wind or the harvest gold is gathered from stalk and stem. Sunlight

and rain, dew-fall and the enriching air, fertilizing with viewless winds wherever they touch—*this addition from without*, which has been assimilated as it came into the life beneath, once so hopeless, has kindled an upward feeling and yearning. The more one then has from without himself, which has interested him gloriously to this result, the more one grows interested in the things above. Thus his deliverence from himself completes itself in his ever-completing Spiritual Life.

Perhaps the most galling self-conceit is not that which rattles its chain in the personal pronoun used in beginning sentences—sentences whose end has to do with the eternity and infinity of God, yet are throughout infected with the monosyllable "I." They go on, rehearsing experiences of the soul, which are either too shallow or too deep and too sacred ever to be spoken before men, betimes insinuating among the brethren a complaint that one is not appreciated and honoured as he ought to be, grasping at every moment or platform or vacant-eyed crowd to publish

one's self forth. Heaven and earth know that this sort of egotism is galling enough, even if the man does not know that he wears a chain. But the egotism which cuts through the skin and muscle and nerve, until the soul is threatened, is that which has an atheism all its own. The frightful thing that happens, when the disease of egotism is upon us, is that the soul finally gets willing to get on and to go on without God. The sanctuary of prayer must be vacated by the minister, for even if his body in canonicals may appear regularly at each service, some will know, even if the minister does not know, that the minister's soul is gone.

In such a case, the approaches to God, in prayer, will be like roadways across which are constantly falling the trees of the forest, —they will be clogged with patronages of the eternal God. In his life among men, there will be evident so little of reliance upon the Almightiness of the love which has saved and has sought to sanctify him, that not any self-reliance of the high and noble sort shall seem to be his, but his people will discern sadly a re-

liance upon that shadow of himself, which, as only the strength and form of his self-projection, will lead him into those particular mistakes and blunders which may scarcely be distinguished from sins.

A man will not save himself from any too large estimate of his own powers by subtraction. He must be rescued only by addition. The more he makes of himself, by the addition of inflowing estimates from God's grace with him, which are infinite and eternal in their nature and influences, the less the finite and the temporal will call upon him for self-measurement. Among his brethren, he will move with such an air and style of the ageless, that he cannot be posing for the picture gallery of time. Let him be fulfilled, or filled full, and there will not be a noise like that of the emptiness betrayed most by the few things which are shaken within it.

Of course, young men, more than old men, who usually have had the experiences which have, as we say, taken the conceit out of them, are likeliest to betray a certain condition of egotism. However, there are notable

exceptions in each of these classes. Some young men do not furnish soil for the self-propagation of extravagant notions as to their own powers and the impact of their immediate exercise in the future. And, on the other hand, there are those who, the older they grow, seem at least to defy those highly civilizing influences that make egotism impossible in most men.

In the case of the first, there is that humility which invites the stream of God's influence, as the low and rich land in some basin between mountain ranges invites the soft flowing molten snows which bring down from the heights untold wealth for harvest-time. God is wonderfully real and blessedly known to such a mind which soon rejoices in feeding upon Him and drinking in His presence. There is no nobleness of nature, or rectitude of conduct, or preciousness of gift, which may be denied to the young minister who is so possessed by the God of his Being.

I cannot stop with the case of the second.

Let each of us know that all hardness of nature and immobility of spirit, with that invol-

untary sharpness which refuses to take a thing except on its own edge, come when the man of self-conceit, having overestimated his own powers and having underestimated the resistances which every minister ought to measure truly, finds himself out of touch with any true equation of his forces and forcefulness which must come from the irrigating and softening entrance of God Himself in and upon him. Thinking he is using up the maximum power, he is surprised at the minimum of effect produced. He is discouraged. And, living in the habit of finding his resources in himself only, in every such experience as this particular discouragement, he assurantly goes to himself in vain for resources; and he comes out of it all only a cynic.

Our underestimate of the beauty and joy and wholesomeness of the world and life, and especially that of our fellow men, is the result of an overestimate of one's self. The continuously wearisome experience of finding one's overestimated self unable to accomplish anything against an underestimated

fact or force of resistance is most deplorable in the minister. This throws the mental machinery out of gear, and makes the moral machinery creak and wear with friction.

Another feature of this self-conceit, so long as we are trying to cure it with anything else but a nobler and more resistless Spiritual Life, must be mentioned. It is what becomes, finally, personal falsity in measuring truth. The man begins speaking to his congregation, as if he, and not the truth he had to speak or the personal Christ whom he brings, is to do the work in them and for them. He, of course, wishes to be victorious over ignorance and prejudice, narrowness and wickedness,—whatever it may be which must be conquered in his audience. He does not warm up to his subject, but he warms up only to himself. He is very anxious to succeed with his view of the Truth, for his own sake. He could not by any means endure the humiliation of having the truth escape him, and suddenly take some fairer form than he had dreamed, as the truth often will do, leaving his own form of the truth un-

adopted and its virtues unsung. Really, it is not the fortune of truth, or the fortune of the soul which is longing for the truth at its very depths,—*not these* has he in mind; and, therefore, with whatever facility or force of speech he may go on sermonizing, he is not a minister, save of himself and his views of truth. Never is he so little a minister of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus.

On the other hand, how marvellously real such a thing as truth appears to be; how eloquently on inartistic lips the very word "*truth*" rings; how, like a trumpet, with its commandment of reality, his melodiousness is with us, when a man of spiritual equipment and acquirement who we feel seeks the thing he cares for most, namely, to get truth and the soul and mind together, says anything to us! That mighty reverence for the souls of his people; that exceeding exaltation which his almost worshipping mind has given Truth for Truth's own sake, have made any petty self-confidence impossible. It is true, then, that the man grows more sublime as he leans

with confidence upon the Author of all Truth. His hands grow more radiant as he handles the flashing gem called Truth. But he knows it not. He has been saved from egotism, by a salvation which has not left in his mind a single possibility for self-consciousness. It is Moses again, knowing not that "the skin of his face did shine."

Let a man be entirely devoted to God. Let him literally lose himself, as the stream loses itself in the ocean, and he will be saved, even from many smaller evils.

He will be delivered from the egotism of persisting in a certain type of sermon, instead of so revering the personality of his flock that their natures shall give a reception to all his instructions and appeals to them as they are planned to their form and capacity, much as the inner construction of a vault gives form and place to the mass of coins with which it is filled.

The determination which a deep spirituality of life will make in us will deliver us from all foolish notions as to the inferiority of certain human beings.

Spiritual Life, alone, will refine the mind and quicken the intelligence to a point and condition of discovery quite beyond what we can think, as to persons. One of the powers most efficient towards the completing of the true Church is this power of discovering the goodness, both actual and possible, of very ordinary people. The Church of America, especially, must remember that in its success it shall partake of the success, and, therefore, it must share the methods, of democratic and republican institutions. Lincoln's saying that "God must love common people, because He made so many of them," ought to help the minister to a just estimate of their value in church life.

It is astonishing how often we have to resist the disposition to welcome certain classes to our communion with ecstasies which are not so pious, as the shouts from new-born souls. We must have the social ecstasies, partly because we cannot have the shouts, for souls are not new-born often in an atmosphere where the emphasis of our delight is put upon the importance of what we

call "strong people" for the Church. The Church of Jesus Christ, the carpenter's son, does not necessarily mean the Church of impoverished people or weak people. A great deal of misquotation has come to the world as to the fact that "not many wise or mighty or rich were called" to the membership of the early Church of Christ. The existence of the Church of Christ does not necessarily mean that the poor should know the rich, as rich; or that the rich should know the poor, as poor. Indeed, the institutions of His religion are quite contrary to this, both in their temper and operation. Nevertheless, it is impossible to conceive of the progress of Christianity towards the redemption of human society, without seeing the Church as largely made up and energized, if not guided, from its earthly side, by those who have not an extraordinary amount of cash, or intellect, or even of goodness to contribute. Most of the love which makes this world lovely, as it is, is the love which is silent, at least not demonstrative. Most of the sweetness that makes this world as little sour as it is, is the

sweetness of humility. The sacrifice which enriches most, at the bottom of society, our whole humanity, is unstudied, because the one who makes it is most often not a student at all. The erosion from lofty peaks which creates deep valleys comes in very tiny grains. That minister is most fortunate who has an eye for those inconsequential and shy people who hardly dream they are of enough account to be immortal, and who put a new meaning in George Eliot's words, "Oh, may I join the Choir Invisible." It is entirely true of them that they are so self-effacing that they can get into this poem's hospitality only in the lines containing the words,

> "Those immortal dead who live again
> In minds made better by their presence: live
> In pulses stirred to generosity."

There we must stop, although our deepest admiration of them goes much farther,—we stop because they have no "deeds of daring rectitude"; they do not dare, they only venture. But their venture is that of the timid violet which blooms in the fence corner, not because some one is going to see it at all,

but just because it is faithful to itself and its Maker. These people screen themselves, not because they are ashamed of themselves, but largely because of their reverence for greater things, and their unfaltering altruism that makes them live "in scorn for miserable aims that end with self." Shall any minister, who, perforce, is their minstrel, shut them out of poetry and a religion like Christianity?

Christian preaching takes them with the eye-glance of Jesus; yet they have no "thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars." Their world of thought is a small orb and their mental operations are not reported in constellations. But they come into the poetic, which is the true conception of life again, when we think of them, who, "with their mild persistence, urge man's search to vaster issues." For, weak and simple and modest as they are, they do give a tone of reality and an impression of the worth of living the human life, creating the most wealth-giving thing we have; namely, the moral atmosphere of our world.

I believe I never felt such a sense of the

fact that God certainly cannot afford to let any soul come to the end of its life, at what we call death, as I had, when one of these dear little women, who had nothing of goodness except what her small nature might develop or entertain, said, "Oh, I am so like nothing, that I do not think God will trouble Himself about a place for me, even in the *many* mansions Christ has prepared!" Knowing her goodness, and that the whole of her little self expressed itself in her goodness, I felt at that moment that if her heavenly Father did not find a place for her, His moral universe would fall to pieces.

Now, to get this eye which will discover these lowly and retiring folk and give to them their new future, and the Church its new life, which will make her bloom as a fence corner will bloom with violets, though no one passes that way in the course of the spring time, we must be mastered by Jesus. He saw, as no one else has seen, because He saw with the divine vision, the exceeding preciousness of little things. The woman who brought her mite entered into the world's history with an

introduction by Jesus Himself, Who said, "Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this that she hath done shall be told for a memorial of her." He vindicated the loyalty and completeness of her little gift.

The benediction of the Saviour of the world came upon a fidelity which an eye for the little bignesses of our existence despises, and which an eye for true greatness (which is ever of quality, not of quantity) always perceives. It is not because our Church would come to ruin without these people; it is not because our sanctuaries would be deserted, if they were absent; it is not because of any consideration, except this—that the Spiritual Life is sufficing in this one thing—that we may take it, and look closely to find if you and I have the discernment and ability which, as you see, is preëminently Christlike, to place such lowly and shrinking humanity, the like of that widow with her mite, where Jesus places her, in the history of human civilization.

Of course, Christianity must always be to

us a religion of the heart, quite as much as a religion of the head, and, therefore, any experience which has quickened our feelings towards worth of this sort is worth while, lest we shall miss seeing these people of whom I speak. Especially, at the beginnings of every soul's career, the evidences that attract us to their goodness are very slight, for the highest goodness itself is very tiny, both in aspect and appeal. Such faith, for example, is indeed as a mustard seed, but somehow, by the processes of growth, it fills the earth, while the birds lodge in its branches. A minister must never get into the habit of doing work by such wholesale methods that he neglects one of these little ones. Neglect is cruelly cold; and they perish in the cold. "It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were cast into the midst of the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones" by the chilliness of his forgetting them, or never having been known unto them as Christ's representative. The smallest man will do the largest man

more good than the largest man may do the smallest man in this; and the good will be in proportion.

I assert that the ministry of grace to our ordinary humanity, both as to the preacher or pastor who is likeliest to be interested in extraordinary enterprises and showy achievements, is of the highest value. Of course, all these people are known to you and me by one signet. It is more than the hall-mark of genius. It is the touch of God meaning genuineness, which is moral genius manifest. They are of the band of this woman who had "done what she could." A sincere minister will find their sincerity. A minister, who is preëminent in grace and graciousness, flowing from an indubitable Spiritual Life, dominated and supreme by the presence of Christ within him, will know their eminence. Jesus' moral earnestness felt the moral earnestness of the widow, and weighed her mite by the subtile feelings of an evangelic brotherliness, which ought to be yours and mine. By the determinations such a Spiritual Life will fix in us, we may approach the sermon.

In the method I have chosen, or which, rather, has chosen me, I am treating the Spiritual Life as a reality, more than a theme, but a reality to be estimated in view of the present conditions and convictions which are somewhat different from those of the passing order of thought and life. These new conditions, I believe, are likeliest to remain, because they are the survival of the fittest. Any of our duties as preachers ought to be affected in its performance by the gains to ethical power and theological thought, which have come from the gathered wisdom now acknowledged as orthodoxy, or at least as Truth, probably.

For example, in the matter of selecting the text; while it is true that the text must select you, and must seem to have chosen you from the foundation of the world, as the elect person to extract illumination and instruction and inspiration from its unsuspected treasures of meaning, it is also true that it will be selected from a Bible which is looked upon by yourself, and I hope by your audience, from a higher point of view and with eyes less be-

fogged with superstition, than we could have possessed at any time before. Our light has come from seriously-minded men. For example, Coleridge has had his way with our generation as thoroughly as any modern thinker; and he has influenced us as preachers and as hearers of the Word, by the well-known statement as to the Bible. He said: "I take up this work with the purpose to read it for the first time, as I should read any other work,—as far, at least, as I can or dare. For I neither can nor dare throw off a strong and awful prepossession in its favour—certain as I am that a large part of the light and life in and by which I see, love, and embrace the truths and the strengths coörganized into a living body of faith and knowledge, has been derived to me from the sacred volume." He added this: "If between this Word—the Word that was in the beginning—the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world—if between this Word and the written letter, I shall anywhere seem to myself to find a discrepancy, I will not conclude that such there actually is; nor, on the other hand, will

I fall under the condemnation of them that would lie for God, but, seek as I may, be thankful for what I have,—and wait."—"In the Bible, there is more that finds me than I have experienced in all other books put together; the words of the Bible find me at greater depths of my being, and whatever finds me brings with it an irresistible evidence of having proceeded from the Holy Spirit."

We are here, with him, and with this self-evidencing power in the sacred Scriptures, which puts their truthfulness and trustworthiness among the securities of the human soul. There and there only, in you and me, they are safe. They become endeared to the life of the human personality. It is not otherwise with any text for your sermon, which is likeliest to be productive of a discourse of power. In all the Bible, which finds you at such a depth, and so unquestionably gives evidence of its light and its authority over darkness by casting out the darkness with the presence of light, there burns forth your text, which *finds* you, in its special and convincing

way. When you meet it, or it meets you, you feel as Rossetti says he felt when he met Swinburne. Here was the certified attitude and utterance of genius. This was merely intellectual recognition. How much more must be the ethical commandment in Moses and in Jesus Christ to us!

Whether the subject has found the text after it has wandered in your mind, unclothed, mystical, and half angelic, but yet very human, and waiting for the clothing and girding which this text now gives it, or whether the text is the discoverer, or the means of discovering this now panoplied theme of yours which, after they have found one another, seems never to have been fitly treated, having hitherto been unclothed, I shall not stop to inquire, because it is probable that no two men have similar experiences in this matter. It is also certain to me that the truly great preachers I have known have had both of these experiences, and they have occurred within the same fortnight. The essential thing is this—we must always get back to the Spiritual Life of the minister as the one

fact which operates dominantly and decisively, and altogether healthfully, so that it makes no difference whether the preacher's subject finds the text, or the text finds the subject. Both these things will occur. But the sacred Scriptures, which are the record of a religious experience, nationally or personally, just like his own, wonderfully descriptive of his own as he reads the page of prophet, or psalmist, or evangelist, or apostle,—this scripture *must have so found him* as a record of human life, therefore, a transcript of living, that his text will take its place at the beginning of his discourse, not at all as a convenient place of departure ; not at all as a terminal station to which he laboriously sets his train of thought going, but as a masterful power-house.

At least, it must be the opening out of the great resourceful plant whence power is sent forth so strongly that it shall find the shortest distance between two points to be a straight line, yet so wisely and intelligently and even sympathetically sent forth that it may be directed to the accomplishment of human purposes anywhere and everywhere for the

highest ends. In any other wise used, a text is sure either to be abused or to be in one's way, or even, sometimes, to stand fatefully at the head of a sermon as the condemnation of the sermon itself. Unless a text grips you with its realized ability to set your thoughts and emotions going towards the end of winning human beings to a willing submission of their souls and their lives to God, as their Father, through Jesus Christ, their Brother,—do not dare to use it.

Probably you have not seen into the text as the plant, or power-house, capable of furnishing you the forces you need. Do not suppose your audience will not see it, before your unconnected discourse has been pushed to some terminal station. Our time is exceedingly well instructed as to the possibilities and uses of power. Men in your audience will discern the flashings of electric energy from that text, which contrasts so terribly with your powerlessness. It will flame and scatter sparks and writhe and twist with a kind of dumb effort to get at your load and push it along. Nothing is so revealing, as to the

heaviness of your unaccelerated talk and the peril of fires unused, as such a condition of things.

Here, again, is one of the preventions offered by the Spiritual Life. No man who lives deeply is so likely to misuse, as Scripture, or to proceed with a text in sight of its spiritual energy all unused, as is the one who desperately sermonizes *at* people without preaching *to* them, or "reasoning *with* them, of judgment and the world to come." A living familiarity with the Bible, or such familiarity which comes through life by the constant feeding upon the Truth and its development in the Bible, will save you from all worry as to texts. They will crowd upon you like so many business propositions in a time of great prosperity, when "the spirit is within the wheels" and things are going, as we say. Then, there comes the problem of what text you shall use? Whenever that problem appears, solve it by letting your dearest theme have its way. Of course, your theme will have chosen you. It will come partly out of your meditation, partly out of your reading, but

the tap root of it will go down into your experience as a minister, seeking personally either to rescue or to elevate into God's sanctifying influence the souls of human beings.

The Spiritual Life, then, is behind your ability to see these human beings. Any human being is the heaviest and most loved weight upon your soul. His moral situation, as you diagnose his difficulty, leaves you no choice as to what you shall speak upon. Seeing him, you know there are multitudes like him. Do not fail here; do not think he is only one man. Having found him, you have found the congregation; he is the key to the human situation. Once let him go, and you have perhaps no other human being in sight. If he goes from you, you ought not to preach at all. Hold fast to him. His condition now stretches out under the sky of God. If your theme does not come welling up, at once, out of his need, and, instead, he is arid as death to your unilluminated soul, press on with your *truth*. Then your theme will come down out of the sky, as the clouds release their treasuries of rain. Then the very aridness of this

man's condition will make you see rain, and appreciate rain, and love rain, and rejoice as the desert itself rejoices while it rains. Do not be too anxious *not* to get wet yourself. Perhaps your own field may share in the beneficence of the shower.

But have we forgotten about what text you used? Any theme, so vitalized—not merely sermonized—as that theme was, by its origin and development in this one man's life, in the case of any preacher who knows enough of our Holy Scriptures to fitly enter the ministry, will infallibly have chosen some word of Holy Writ which sets forth the same experience with Biblical vividness, or which enforces the commandment which once uttered itself to an ancient saint at the same psychological crisis, or, it shall be, that some promise which came in olden days, when a similar rain left a rainbow in the sky, and all human life will so shine through everything. Then, most happily, the vision of God which prevailed at a similar contest of grace with sin, or truth with falsity, must have the victory, and bring blessing with the triumph.

LECTURE VI

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE AND THE MINISTER'S MESSAGE

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LET not my statement of the theme for to-day mislead you. Of course, and, as I believe, of my bounden duty, I have assumed that whatever has been spoken by my predecessors in this lectureship is at your hand, and that you either have availed yourselves of its teaching, or that you will soon find there what no student of the work of the ministry, especially in preaching, would neglect here, any more than the blessed influences from the past which are circulating in the air you breathe at this school of the prophets, or the stately and inspiring traditions which attend you within these halls. I have, therefore, also foreborne to address you upon the matters affecting any systematic mastery of homiletics as a science. I hold your teachers in the honour the world accords them, and so I would not

trench upon a domain beyond my skill. Yet I am glad to think I am not far from either of these interests, if I now so approach and consider with you certain ministerial functions other than that of preaching, as I hope to do, that these shall at once and forever contribute to and reinforce, as I believe nothing else may, your power as Christian preachers.

In yesterday's study, we had almost unexpectedly, yet, as I hope, inevitably, reached that interesting item in preaching called the Text; and then we found that only a luminous Spiritual Life within us may assure us of a vital and vitalizing statement of Truth, even from the Holy Scriptures, such as may at once help to originate and give worthiness to that form of an address called a sermon. Now, if many years of life as a preacher, amongst many classes of my fellow beings, have taught me anything, they have taught me this: that the Christian sermon, which is an impersonal thing, must be suffused with personality, and it must depend for its note of personality, as a means to an

end, upon the preacher to the people himself being also the pastor of the people whom God has given him to minister unto, in the things affecting them from the Christian point of view.

I. The shepherding minister is the pastor.

II. He will be, in and out of his pulpit, a veritable voice of prayer; and, in this sense, he will be the priest that he may become a truer prophet—for this is the order—the prophet of his people.

III. He will also be the man of whom Job had many a pre-Christian vision, as by and through his sufferings he broke through an inadequate theology and obtained a theology which was also a theodicy, adequate to human life's issues and demands. The minister will be one with whom "the consolations of God" are not small, but mighty; one who always may humbly and truthfully say, in the highest sense: "The blessing of him who was ready to perish came upon me."

Let me speak first, therefore, of the minister as the pastor of his flock who is to be the

preacher to them. Perhaps it is because many have come to be preachers, through making a comparison issuing in favour of the choice of the pulpit as the most promising throne of power, for a seriously-minded Christian man who would make the most out of his life, that we find such almost feverish and monotonous emphasis in speech and writing placed upon the work of the minister as a preacher. I do not contest the truth of the assertion that the preaching function is first and foremost, and for that variety and multitude of reasons, I think, sufficiently voiced and voiceful here. I do, however, contend that the most useful, and, therefore, the most effective spokesman of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, is originally born out of, guided and nurtured by the experience of his own soul set aflame with Divine Love, by his seeking to shepherd some lost sheep of God our Father. We must not permit an age artistic and voluble in speech to turn us away from the fact that one such a man as the commonplace Andrew begins for us a mighty era in the history of preaching,

by his shepherding one man, and in a manner very unsermonic and quite without public eloquence,—*one man*, even Simon Peter. I need not remind you, though it is to my main purpose, that this memorable achievement in the history of souls drew mightily upon the resources of a deep and strong personal spirituality in this early Christian. It will demand as much from the latest Christian, also.

Of all the ways of entering the Christian ministry, if I were to choose for my best beloved the way which must most empower him from the start, I would choose this. A ministry to the world, begun when the personal Spiritual Life is brothering a loved person into the spiritual family of the All-Father, has gained its manner at once. It will be gloriously personal, all the way through.

My brothers, I believe we can more sympathetically, and, therefore, successfully, deal with this matter, in the light and by the help of this incident in the early history of the Christian pulpit. Our study of it may help us

also to appreciate the value of the Scriptures, in and for the solution of many similar problems. I am frank to say that, in my judgment, much of the inefficiency of modern preaching comes of pulpiteering. We grow impersonal enough to permit hundreds of personal beings constituting a congregation to impersonalize themselves into what we call an *audience*. Addressing an audience, with ever so pious a message, is about the farthest thing, in all public effort, from preaching the Gospel to men and women. An *ex-cathedra* air dispersonalizes our most indubitably personal associate, who slips from the touch of our personality, as soon as he sits down in yonder seat and becomes part of our audience. We are no longer in personal relations with him. It will be a mighty gain to the Church if you, having somehow lost your personality in these illusions as to what constitutes power in the pulpit, may so study what you may call this commonplace and ordinary man, Andrew, that you may recover the note of personality, and once more see human persons with whom you are thinking and feeling

and willing in your speech aimed towards personal righteousness, as you preach to them. It will be a blessing, such as few other gifts will contain, for the Church of Christ and the world, if those of you, who have not lost personality and the vivid and sympathetic sense of the personality of each man whom you would reach with the influence of the personal Christ, shall so study such a man as Andrew, who unquestionably furnishes us with the open secret of ministerial power, to the end of making his spiritual attitude and method your own.

We will every one of us feel at home with Andrew. Most of us are commonplace and ordinary men, at best. If you have ever told yourself this truth, in some fine moment of sincerity, I trust you have not been discouraged as to your value and your possible power in the Christian ministry. For any man is as great as the load he pulls; and Andrew certainly brought Simon Peter, with all his greatness, to his Master and Lord. When we think of this, how can we call any one ordinary or commonplace, even though

he be as inconspicuous and manifest as little of genius as did Andrew?

What was the situation of these two men, Andrew and Simon? I always think of that mighty Atlantic steamer, the pride and glory of the line, one of the earlier greyhounds of the ocean, and this certain episode in the history of that ship, when I try to account for the achievement of Andrew. A great arm like that called Sandy Hook, with viewless shifting sands which pile up in submerged hillocks, because of the stormy currents beneath, makes out from the mainland. To reach the port, ships coming from Europe still have to pass over these sands. In midwinter, this monarch of the deep, at the moment when every one on board was jubilant with the home-feeling and thankful to have returned safely, plowed suddenly into the sand, stopped and careened. Hour after hour of pitiless ocean-waves exposed this giant craft, with all her beauty and power, to the dangerous sport of a wrathful sea. Men and women prayed and cried. The masts and cordage became clothed with

ice, and, when the light pierced the storm-clouds and mist, it glanced upon something more ghostlike and splendid than Coleridge ever dreamed of, or an Ancient Mariner ever beheld. It was glorious, but it was a glory of failure with grandeur and of death overmatching life.

Away off there, however, through the fog, now half in sight, now buried in waves, with her smoke-stack belching blackness and her bows lifted, just then riding on the crest of a breaking sea, came what seemed a tug. Nobody thought it was possible for that tug to live in such a sea, but such straightforwardness of movement and certainty of approach had that grimy and unattractive craft, that those who felt safe enough to relieve the intensity of the situation smiled at that bossy embodiment of assurance coming for the release of the great ship. By and by, the ocean-ranger was securely made fast to the tug. Then the homely thing which was so nearly all engine, except her unattractive hull and form, pulled towards harbour and port. The mighty ocean palace, a moment

before so utterly helpless, and almost more powerless because of the superb enginery motionless and still within her, slipped from the sand-bar, righted herself, and was majestic again. She was making grandly for port. But not alone was she. Captain and crew and all on board would not permit the tug to get out of sight, or even out of touch; and when at last the glittering grandeur that was called the pride of the line came to her dock, and thousands with tears and shouts welcomed her, the mightiest salvo of praise must have penetrated to the very heart of that tug, for it belonged to it. The affection of happy men and women must have warmed the fires, whose intensity of heat had diminished only because the magnificent ship was now safe in port.

Now, that ocean liner was Simon Peter and that tug was Andrew. I believe sincerely that to make the business of preaching successful, you and I must be masters of Andrew's method. I am convinced that, from the pulpit, we do not exercise the kind of power he had for releasing that great

man and bringing him to the desired haven. Let us acknowledge that, like that fine ship, our Simon Peters are not bad men. They are good men, and, as we say, grand fellows. Let us not think of any kind of men now, but these men about us who interest us so much, because of the magnificence of their abilities and the attractiveness of their mental and moral furnishings. The fact about them is, however, their religion is inadequate. The bar called Sandy Hook is a portion of the America towards which the *Alaska* was bound. In a sense, when that ship struck the sand which would have been untouched beneath the keel of lesser ships, she had already reached America. In a sense, also, Andrew's brother Simon was already religious. He was not only a good Jew, but he was also a disciple of John the Baptizer. Even as we must justly estimate his religion, and especially its body of Truth, so we must justly estimate the less than satisfactory religiousness and the submerged body of Truth which many a noble man has struck upon, and which holds him from going further.

There is a singular grandeur and yet a singular pathos in the scene, in the midst of which we behold Simon, or any good man of that day, as the disciple of John the Baptizer. It is ennobling to hear with responses of heart and will the solemn command, "Repent! Repent!" Nothing on earth is more sublime than a man honest with his soul, when the air quivers with such a trumpet tone. It is grander still to take a step—an outward, visible, irreversible step—which puts that obedience into the form of an action, and, before men, draws the line between the soul's new hope and its unsatisfactory past. Nothing on earth is more impressive than a human being entering into the waters of baptism with a hope of spotless purity.

Yet there was a deep pathos about Simon's response to the cry, "Repent," and his baptism by John. For, compared with what Simon's soul needed in order to reach his broadest, noblest manhood, these all, and alone, could accomplish so little. He needed a power which would do something positive in him and for him. To repent was only to

cut himself loose from his past: it was a negative work. The same Simon-soil remained upon which other weeds could grow, if these had been uprooted. Something more than repentance must we have. He needed a force within him that should consume the annoying and dead moralities of his spirit with the flame of a resistless religiousness, an energy which would rouse every latent strength of his spirit into manifest activity. To be baptized by John for the remission of sins was only to outwardly symbolize a negative purification. He must be more than pure, if he is to remain pure; he must be powerful. Some more interior and energetic baptism than that of John he must have, if he is to reach his best manhood. Let us not underestimate the significance of the step Simon had already taken by becoming a disciple of John. He had obtained a sense of reality which had made it impossible for him to be satisfied with the unrealities of Pharisees and Scribes, and which had prepared him for confessing any divine reality to which he might be led, and he was full of the idea of the near-

ness of "the Messiah." On one of these days, through which were streaming the lights of hope which John the Baptizer had let into Simon's soul, his brother Andrew came to him and broke the silence with the more important news, "We have found the Messias." Let us see what a personal Spiritual Life was behind all this in Andrew.

Where had Andrew been to obtain such information? Not far away. We who would be ministers of power need only have our spiritual eyes open to behold the Lamb of God walking on the very pathway of life which we thoughtlessly tread. Andrew says, "We have found the Messias." Who are "*we*"? Why, another John had been with Andrew near the Jordan. How came these commonplace men to make such a matchless discovery? Well, by being in good company. By keeping close to the best truth-teller they knew of, they discovered a better, as men always do, until they find Jesus Christ.

Only the day before, these two friends were standing in the presence of John, when

there came near to them one whom this John might have spoken of as his *cousin*, Jesus, Mary's son. But he did not thus speak of Him, because the Baptizer saw more deeply than this. Most of us get only the most superficial qualities and gifts from the figures which a little while throng our life-paths. We see superficially, for we have not the spiritual eyesight which comes of obedience of the Truth we know. We only see our cousin in our Christ. John the Baptizer might have spoken of Him as his convert. That would have been like many a modern statistician of the faith. Had he not baptized Him? It does not require more than the performance of some formal act, or more than the contact of our soul with another soul in a brief conversation, to make some of us very unlike John, especially in this. The smaller always claims the larger. John's mind had been dealing in the solitudes, and in the face of vast audiences, with the profound and passionate cries of the human soul, and with the infinite and tender response of God, its Father, to its needs. Away below every other fact which had to do with the

weakness or woe of humanity, his eye saw this one only—*sin*. He had what any man who approaches a true ministry must have, a quick sense of the fundamental cause of all human woe. No other schemes for the changing of man's sorrows into joys and his weakness into strength employed his mind. Man must be delivered from sin. John had a dim sense of the sin-bearing love of God. He therefore threw into his words the whole significance of these visions and hopes, along with the eloquent meanings of a past which Andrew had partially understood, when the Baptizer pointed to Jesus, and said: "Behold the Lamb of God." The day before he had said, when this same Jesus came in sight, "Behold the Lamb of God *which taketh away the sin of the world*."

It is quite impossible for me to think that these simple fishermen entirely grasped the fine significance of these great words. The after-life of these who became disciples of Jesus shows that, not until after their Lord had lived His life on earth, did they have any thing like a clear conception of the truth of

the sin-bearing Lamb of God. It would certainly be too much to presume these men to have seen in these words the multitude of mutually exclusive ideas which differing commentators have there discovered. It was, at all events, too great a saying for their thought and experience to take in. Great revelations are themselves, at first, great mysteries. Jesus the greatest of revelations is the greatest of mysteries. But what can, what ought a true man to do in the presence of such a revealing mystery? Andrew and his companion show us. They approach it with reverence. *They* do not speak, until it does—"and the two disciples heard Him speak,"—and having heard, they obey—"and they followed Jesus." God must help us to listen. It is not an easy thing for many preachers to do. Then we must follow until He speaks again to us.

Our Lord should find in us what made Andrew the kind of man to deal with, to the end of producing certain results in the form of religion—a man who is certain of finding the living kernel within every forbidding mystery. The passive virtues combine to make

active soul-winners. He was inwardly attracted by Truth. No more than Andrew, should any one of you be a superstitious, fearful hunter after Truth, beginning to tremble when you have to keep still and hear Truth speak. The true minister is not made of a man who quakes with fear, when, after he has asked the Truth where it lives, as Andrew did, Truth says, as Jesus said: "Come and see." Let us fear only the superstition or agnosticism which keeps us from the joyous task of going home with Truth, as Andrew did, and dwelling with it in the person of Jesus. The account says: "He abode with Him that day." He had a home-view of Jesus; he saw Truth where it is simplest and most hospitable. He came away, as all of us must do, from any interview with "*Truth as it is in Jesus*," with a masterful reverence and love for that kind of mysterious revelation which invites the human soul to its own home, and which always says to all honest and earnest souls: "Come and see." Christianity is a fact whose familiarity is divine.

What then occurred? Andrew was so brothered by Jesus; he so got enough of the truth concerning Him to guarantee his coming some time to the rest; he was so pervaded by the brotherliness of Him, that he began to feel brotherward, Simon-ward; and he longed for Simon, to draw him up within the genial radiance. I despair of any man's ministry which does not thus get its attitude, inspiration, and method.

Now, with many of our methods and habits of getting acquainted with Truth and dealing with all mysterious revelations—with our way of never going up to a mystery and listening, but rather speaking unpreparedly about it, and with our way of never following it home and staying patiently with it all day, but rather avoiding even the effort, we are likely to be surprised that this man Andrew should ask himself just these questions: "Where is Simon, my brother? and how can I get him here?" How this puts our brotherliness to shame! How such a vivid, commanding vision of Jesus as this contrasts with our pale, vague views of Jesus, which

have no power to send us to anybody, not even to our most distant relatives, in a letter written in the third person and without address or date! We may well go further and study Andrew's method of bringing Simon to Jesus. For here is the beginning of ministry.

There are three stages in the process with Andrew, and there will be these three for you and me:

(*1*) *Finding*. "He first findeth his own brother Simon." (Verse 41.)

(*2*) *Saying*. "And saith unto him: 'We have found the Messias.'" (Verse 41.)

(*3*) *Bringing*. "And he brought him to Jesus." (Verse 42.)

I. *Finding:* Men have failed to observe this order. We have often been speaking *to* or *at* our brother, before we have known where he was. Be sure our words do not find men, when *we* have not first found them. Men know whether our brotherliness knows where they are, or not. What made Andrew such a successful finder of the soul he sought for? You say it was his generous, intense

brotherhood. That, surely, ought to make a man successful in finding a brother's soul, a Simon. The boys who nursed the same breasts, clambered upon the same knees, kissed the same lips, saw the same tears, and perhaps stood together at the same graves, each ought to be easily found when he is sought by the other. But it is not always so. Sometimes a mother's tears roll like unmeasured oceans between two children, Andrew and Simon. When brotherhood has been debased and slain, the very gravitations pull the hearts asunder. It is a dreadful hour when Andrew cannot *find* Simon—when Andrew's haunts and loves and Simon's are as far apart in reality as east from west, although the city directory says they live in the same block. It is a fact before whose presence men ought to shed tears of grateful joy, whenever Andrew and Simon may easily and surely find each other.

Strange enough it is, that men we meet can find each other so rarely, when they have something to tell of Jesus. It seems hardest for those who are most familiarly

bound together. A brother superficially influenced by Jesus wants to hunt for somebody else's relatives. He can talk with his brother on every other topic, can warn him to avoid stormy weather, can beg him to keep out of the hot sun, can entreat him to escape the burning house and force him to leap for his life; but when eternal destiny is to be decided and the hour is nearly gone, he is tongue-tied. He gropes in his talk. He seems blindfolded with embarrassment. He finds everybody else; he cannot find his brother. It is all but impossible for him to remember the need of Simon—Andrew is so happy! Oh, what a lie is all this! Oh, contrariwise when an Andrew really and deeply has been found by Jesus, who is Christ, he "*first*," of all things after that, "findeth his own brother Simon." It is a superficial Christian experience which forgets the tenderest ties and the nearest heart-companions, and contents itself for the first month in hiring a sixth-story room and mailing tracts, or singing about the new Jerusalem. If you do not feel that you must tell somebody, and

especially the man nearest you, about Christ, it is because you have not much to tell.

Here is the making of the minister. All true ministers are made such by Christ's revealing in them a passion of brotherliness for brotherhood, by and through His own.

Jesus gave to Andrew, first of all, a sense that he himself was a brother of Simon, and, secondly, a consciousness of the fact that Simon was a brother of him. Unless you have received this gift, your *call to the ministry* is of doubtful authenticity. These constitute the nerve of missions. Some of us get one of these ideas without the other. A man who cannot, and does not, live in the apprehension of both of them, is not acquainted with Andrew's Christ, and cannot preach Him. Here was a *brother to look;* and there was *a brother to look for.* Simon was just as real to Andrew as Andrew was to himself. Christ gives the soul so good a gift that it says: "Brother must have it." This is the only reason for a sermon, except this: Christ intensifies the sense of a brother's value so much that the soul says,

"Christ must have *my brother*." These two are Alpha and Omega for us.

When you see even dimly the glory which streamed out upon every brother-man from this Christ, when the rays of hope sprang from the very brow of Messias as you know Him in your own spiritual experience with Him—when you see how certain is the splendid future of every brother-man in Him, your eyes will be full of light. You will see deeper, further than ever before, and you will *find* Simon who shall be Peter, "the rock-man." Priceless will be his worth to you. Andrew had eyes that *must* find him; so must yours and mine. Have we forgotten "ministerial functions"? No. But to be a soul-winner is more to our hope, and it is more than all functioning ministerially. You must have brotherly eyes to find Simon. In those eyes must be the light of God's Son, which will shut every false shadow out. In those eyes must be a sense of what Christ has for your brother; that will take you to him, unembarrassed and unafraid. It will make you forget your *audience*, as you talk

of Jesus as with one man. In those eyes must glow Christ's valuation of your brother, which will make it impossible for you to see anything else. Into those eyes there must have come the divine love which looked earthward in Christ and found you—a love which will look the universe through and through until Andrew finds Simon. The soul-finder has eyes which are set on finding.

I suppose Andrew was simple and old-fashioned enough to go where Simon could be found. We are too fashionable, or too decorous, or too churchly, or too cold-hearted and un-Christian to do that. It is all seen in the location of our church and its unfitness for finding anybody personally. Too often we establish ourselves within a great building of solemn look and dignified architecture, removed from Simon's haunts, especially if he has gone wrong or needs us much, with stilted mannerisms and hard forms which are uninviting to him, with a theological test for every visitor who would have fellowship with us—a test which we do not ourselves understand or profess to enforce in preach-

ing—and, having established our place of operation, with such completeness and care, we practically say to our brother Simon, who does not know Jesus at all, "Now you come in here, and believe, or be lost." I know that this is a very bold way of stating it, but I meant you should see the dreadful contrast between the way in which Andrew found Simon and the way in which we can never find Simon, our brother. To find Simon, Andrew goes where he is, and so must we.

We must go where men are, touch them where they are, seek them for what they are, if we are to be soul-winners like Andrew. Andrew's Christian enthusiasm would have carried him over danger, through deep darkness, past vile places, across seas of disgusting infamy, up any height of difficulty, down into any depth of disgrace, if by any or all he might have found Simon! So will yours and mine, when we have Andrew's experience, and only then. After he sees Jesus, a man has new eyes for souls. No den of infamy is too horrible for his pious feet, if away there, at the end of his path of love, sparkles

the gem of a soul. No distance leading through by-ways of shame, and up rough rocks of forbidding sharpness, is too long or too severe, if such a soul knows that there is a human being who needs Christ, at the end. The Church must go where men are; it must find them, if it is to be Christian.

Go to none of these places, if Christ has not found you and gripped you strongly. Do not dare to take hold of a Simon, so burly in energy of will, impetuous and hard to handle, unless, when you grasp his hand, your own is surely in the grasp of the Almighty Christ. You may brother others, only when you are brothered divinely.

II. *Saying:* Andrew *findeth* and then Andrew *sayeth*. Many a man and many an institution have somehow found men: and yet they have not been "brought to Jesus." Simon has remained the same Simon, without an intimation of ever being transformed into a Peter. Men are so ready to hear, so anxious for a tone of hope, so hungry for a crumb of inspiration, that it is not hard to find them, if one wants to do them ever so little

good. Many a man has confessed to you, already, by the earnestness with which some tiny ray of your meagre store of sunlight has been caught up, that he is a plant whose nature pleads for the sun. Every soul in your parish is a prophet of the Christ. The ease with which a little brotherly goodness finds men shows how they will always, yea, *must* always respond to the divine goodness, to God. It is an awful thing for a man known as a minister, stronger and clearer-eyed for goodness and truth, to find men, to disturb them at their depths, to make the old past impossible for them—and then to have no word to *say* which shall bring them face to face with goodness itself, with God, with Him who is Truth. Before the awakened army of a man's powers let not the leader be dumb. And you would better be dumb than to be unable then to present the Captain of our salvation to that man's powers, which are risen up "clad in complete steel." There ought to be no doubt as to the message. It is like Emerson's "inevitable word" which makes the poem; this *is* the sermon.

There is very little need of your saying anything, if there is anything save one thing which you can say. There was one thing, and one only, which Andrew might say: "We have found the Messias." How much more grandly one brother man can talk to another than that in heaven, I do not know; one thing is sure, there never was loftier saying on earth than this to Simon from Andrew: "We have found the Messias."

Do not underestimate the cogency of the fact that it came from Andrew, was of him, and just like him. A message is never much, unless it has in it the personal biography of the man who utters it. Every really ministering man's character communicates his quality through his message. It is astonishing to observe the revelation, and also hear of the capital experience of the intellect's regeneration, in the succinctness, lucidity, and suggestiveness of his phraseology. A sincere man, however small or great his genius, will unveil his personality, and this will delineate itself truly, behind and within whatever message he has to deliver,

in moments when this unforgetable experience is used as a resource. Even the peculiarities of that experience, which made it impossible for him to be anything else than a preacher, or which, dealing with his own age and its difficulties has given to him his own message, will appear likewise, even in his way of stating it. Here is another evidence of the power and even the determination of the unconscious and deepest in us, and of us.

Let us leave Andrew for a moment; for as an ordinarily endowed man, we may consider him,—a man whose nearness to us in this matter of ordinariness comforts us especially when we see what a successful ministry was his, through his bringing Simon Peter into the kingdom. Let us go to Phillips Brooks, a man extraordinarily endowed, who, nevertheless, in all the upward regions of his magnificent mind, exercised that fatherhood of the genius for goodness which Washington exercised and which, as I have said, a Napoleonic kind of man never can exercise. The American leader is called the "Father of

his Country"—a thing no penetrative mind could dream of the French leader. All fatherhood of genius is of the same quality. It was in those moments, when Phillips Brooks was most luminous and effective, when the shining retinue of his abilities seemed self-illuminative, that one obtained a certain self-revelation to which I will refer as manifested in two sermons, which I well remember. You may, and ought, to study them for yourselves. They are only two of a large number which I heard as a young man; and now I remember that not one that I ever heard from this preacher, when he was at what we called "his best," failed to betray this interesting fact—he seemed ever standing at a kind of crossroads, where two truths came into that reconciliation of truths which the noblest human life alone furnishes. The first sermon had as its text, "Peter saith unto him, 'Lord, why cannot I follow Thee now?'" He at once said that he would speak of the delayed completions of life. He brought into view, first, Christ's announcement to His disciples that He was going from them, and that

where He was going they should come also, and Simon Peter's impetuous word of desire and questioning: "Why cannot I follow Thee now?" It seemed very beautiful, this thought of his immediate going with his Lord homeward and heavenward. The crossroads to which I refer, you may see in the preacher's treatment of the spiritual situation which Jesus left undisturbed, to work out its beneficent results in Simon Peter: "Patience and struggle. An earnest use of what we have now, and, all the time, an earnest discontent until we come to what we ought to be. Are not these what we need,—what in their rich union we could not get, except in just such a life as this with its delayed completions? Jesus does not blame Peter when he impetuously begs that he may follow Him now. He bids him wait and he shall follow Him some day. But we can see," said the preacher—and now the crossroads—"that *the value of his waiting lies in the certainty that he shall follow, and the value of his following, when it comes, will lie in the fact that he has waited.*

So, if we take all of Christ's culture, we are sure that our life on earth may get already the inspiration of the heaven for which we are training, and our life in heaven may keep forever the blessing of the earth in which we were trained."

The second sermon which I ask you to study reveals the same thing, not more *in* the spiritual situation than *from* the mind and personality of the preacher, whose habit of dealing with truths at crossroads, as I have termed it, was an affair of character. He saw his age and understood its cross-currents. The text is, "As Peter looked upon the vision, an angel said unto him: 'Behold, two men seek thee.'" Instantly, upon the reading of the text, the preacher announced his subject, "Man Between his Visions and his Tasks." I need not give any long quotation in this case. The crossroads was soon in sight. It was approached and illuminated as the preacher made it clear to that crowd of students, gathered to hear this Commencement Sermon from the pulpit of his own University, that our tasks must have their

visions in order that they may be lit up with the ideal; and our visions must have their tasks, in order that they may be made real. It may be interesting, in this connection, to say that this great, strong, overflowing, and often impetuous man appeared to many of us at his greatest when he was preaching on Simon Peter. The ardent man for whom commonplace Andrew had done so much, by his ministry, was having his greatness proven in the speech which welled up from the life of his true brother. We could all see him, as he accepted the keys from the hands of his Master and Lord.

But to return to Andrew, and to the atmosphere in which our ordinary powers feel at home. We have learned, while we have been away from him, that what the successful Andrew or Bishop Brooks said, required no greater genius to utter than the weakest here possesses; for it ever is the shortest, yet the clearest possible, statement of the fact which has gripped his personality: "We have found the Messias." The whole of Christianity is fact. Not our profoundest

or acutest study of things, but Jesus Himself must make each of us factual rather than speculative. Obey Him, when He says to our inquiries as to where He lives: "Come and see." Follow Him, and you will be sufficiently orthodox. You will know His rank and reality. Andrew had the power of a fact behind him and in his voice. A speculation or a theory about this man Jesus would have kept him, as it keeps us, indoors, musing and philosophizing, for the day, at least.

"We have found the Messias. Simon, my brother, I have a fact for you." When this experience enters our preaching, it is irresistible to an age devoted to facts. It makes his literary style, without the man's thinking of such a thing. We are told that men get the best literary style by "having something to say and then saying it." Any style heavy with facts is saved from heaviness. A fact clears a man's sentences of meaningless phrases and cumbersome polysyllables. A fact to tell of gives a speaker "economy of the hearer's attention," and that, Herbert Spencer says, is the secret of style. This

style of Andrew is the soul-winner's style. Of course, as we have seen, here also is the truth in Buffon's fine saying: "The style is the man." Andrew was a plain, strong, fact-loving man, and that gave him plainness and strength in handling this fact in the presence of Simon. The open secret of speaking to men about Jesus, which we most need to obtain, is first, like Andrew, *be a plain man;* secondly, like Andrew, also, *deal in plain statements of facts.*

The way Truth has used to get into us is likely to be the way which Truth uses that it may go out of us to others. Read, by all means, Bishop Lightfoot's essay on the influence of Stephen upon St. Paul. There you see Paul, years after his hearing Stephen's defense, made while the young Pharisee was holding the garments of Stephen's murderers, at length speaking for Stephen's Christ and his, from the same view-point, using the same argument, wrestling with a mob, or Agrippa, or Festus, or the crowd at Athens, often in the same phraseology as that of the moment when he was

made a man in Christ Jesus. Not less of this sincerity and responsiveness of personality to a sovereign experience is shown by any Andrew, when he has gone out after his brother-man. All Andrew's ministry grew out of his personal experience with his Lord. The way of his expression of Jesus was inevitably the way of the impression of Jesus upon him —so genuine was the man. Andrew first took hold of that side of divine reality which any of our minds may handle.

This genuineness always makes for originality. Andrew has the finest originality. He does not imitate even his teacher, the great John, the Baptizer. He says to Simon, not "We have found the *Lamb of God*," but "We have found the *Messias*." Andrew is what you may be, a soul-winner; he is not a great penetrative theologian, which you and I, most likely, cannot be. He is narrow, it may be; and you and I ought to be narrow enough to be intense. Andrew is a Jew; he must see the Jewish "Messias" in his "Lamb of God." Any true gospeller, as by instinct, takes up that fact concerning, and in his Christ, which

has actually fired his own heart, and which, he knows, without reasoning the matter out, will fire his brother's heart also. It is a matter of his sincere character that he does not attempt to win a soul, with even the Baptizer's conception of Jesus. Things are too serious with him to permit him to steal even better thunder than his own. He can do best with, because he is most interested in, his own thunderbolts of conviction and experience. Suppose he had tried to be unquestionably orthodox, instead of first being true. He then might have said to Simon: "We have found the Second Person of the Trinity." That would have been no more than the literalist among dogmatists would feel he ought to do "in the interest of Truth." It would have been no more impossible for Andrew to do this, than it is impossible for others to see that such conduct is now pedantic and sad. Keep to your own truth, Andrew. You will get the rest in time. Get to your brother, and you will get the larger truth. With what truth you have, not with what truth your greatest teacher has, you must

apprehend Jesus, and thus become a soul-bringer.

Men will give no such response, as we behold in this immediate action of Simon, to anything but such a statement and from such a man. The personality behind and in the statement is next to the supreme thing. Be as impatient as he was of the refinements of theory; be more impatient of anything less than straightforwardness and reverence for a fact, than even this man was. Here was a fact, larger than the man who brought it, or him to whom it was brought. So that fact is to-day. When it was given to him, I cannot find that Simon stopped to discuss the matter at all. He would probably have worsted Andrew in an argument. But the gospeller, Andrew, always has the advantage, in that alone he has the fact—Jesus the Christ.

Never surrender that advantage, when you go out to bring Simon. Never drop the weapon of your fact to argue with your bird on the wing, but fire! Skepticism is like a bright lawyer with a poor case; it is better on argument than on facts. Evangelism,

true and thorough, is not a debater, but a witness; it does not argue, it testifies. Sad is the caricature which appears, when any man who has such a fact as "the Messias" engages to debate Simon to Jesus. It was the factualness of the man once blind which counted in widening the Gospel's realm of victory. He said: "This one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see."

I fail to find in Andrew's words or actions anything like that trembling, apologizing fear and embarrassment which characterize most men, when they go to speak to their own kin about religious matters. There are two reasons for this freedom and power in him, and in any other man who associates closely with the men he would see coming into the kingdom. First, Andrew does not come to tell Simon about himself, but about Jesus; and, secondly, Andrew had not our pitifully limited ideas of what Jesus would do for his brother, but very different ones. These interpenetrate one another. Andrew was too full of Jesus to talk about Andrew; we are often too full of Andrew to talk about Jesus.

Here is a person who is speaking to a person, in order to lead him to a person. Andrew, Simon, Jesus—three persons, and no abstractions. It is the Christ in our Christianity with which our own personal Christianity and personal helpfulness to others must begin and end. When we get to dealing with the impersonal and the abstract, it is because we have lost the personal Messias, have no sense of our own personalness, and have no interest in the personal Simon. Abstractions are sometimes but ghosts which indicate how many living Simons have been buried without a personal salvation.

There was, with all these incidental qualities, a noble and inevitable eloquence in these words, when they fell upon the ears of Simon. Simon's soul was a harp whose every string seemed created and prepared for that breeze. Music had to come, when those words and that soul touched. The real Gospel is always sure to be eloquent to any Simon. Having first found him, having got at him where he lives, having met him as he is, its message rings

throughout the needy, vacant soul like sacred melodies in an old and deserted sanctuary. There are echoes of God in man which the Messianic thought wakens into restless harmony of expression. The real Gospel of the Christ has never failed to get a hearing where it, like Andrew, went to find Simon. It is when we get in front of Christ that He fails to attract.

And a man does not always see the whole Christ. He sees the side of Messias next to him. This thought of Messias—how it thrilled that patriot Jew. That was the small end of the true idea of the Christ of God, of course. It was the end Andrew got hold of; it was the end which he knew Simon could get hold of. Would that our preaching of Christ could touch the sentiment of world-wide patriotism! With Andrew and Simon, the fortunes of Israel were dear above all else; and the enemies which they desired to dethrone were Rome and the political methods which made them a race of slaves. With our modern man, the fortunes of civil society and the destiny of humanity on earth are in-

volved in any bright hope which stands at the gateway of the future. Andrew and Simon's Messias is a political deliverer; so also is the Messias which the soul of the broadest man craves, a Saviour of humanity —that greater Israel, that larger Jerusalem— from all its dangers. Christ Jesus instantly grips the hope of men, the ancient and the modern Simon alike, at the moment when that hope sees Him as the Supreme Antagonist of sin.

The Messias whom Andrew saw was no more great than his conception of Him, than our Christ is greater than our conception of Him. He had come to deliver men from *sin*, to bind them to the on-marching righteousness of God, and, in that way, to conquer all the Romes which ever might seek to oppress them. Every hope of man to-day runs forth to greet the preacher of this Christ. Besides this great hope at the heart of progress, every genuine feeling of the dreadful presence of sin, and every desire to be rid of it; every noble movement of the unquenched good beneath the oppressive evil of life and every glim-

mer of desire to perpetuate it; every wandering dream of sometimes being true, amidst so many evidences of now being untrue and every desire that that dream may be realized —all the man there is left in us rushes out to meet the evangelist of a real Messias, and to cry: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good things, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, 'Thy God reigneth.'" Go to thy brother. "He will not respect me," you say? No. It may be so; but he will respect the Christ you have; and not you, but Jesus the Christ must save him.

So the issue of all this; the "finding" and the "saying" of any Andrew is the "bringing"—"He brought him to Jesus." Our calls and preachings are altogether ineffective, however interesting they are as memories, if they have not issued in the result of "bringing" our brother to Jesus. It would, I admit, have been altogether unfair to have estimated Andrew's piety and Christianity simply by its visible and immediate success in finding

and bringing Simon. A man may be a very good man, and yet not a minister, in the closer sense of the word. Often, also, our brother may be out of our reach; Simon might have refused stubbornly to follow. These would not have made Andrew's brotherliness or religion less genuine. But any Christian ministry must be most largely estimated by the bringing of men to Jesus.

Remember the phrase: "He brought him to *Jesus*." I cannot think that the use of the word *Simon*, and the words *Simon Peter*, and *Peter*, with respect to the same personage, is one careless of distinctive meanings. For example, I think Andrew always goes and attaches his personal self to the Simon-end of this great brother of his, who is some day to be known as the great and good Peter, whose dome in the Rome of his martyrdom reflects the interest of two worlds. Every Andrew "findeth first his own brother, *Simon*." It is a very human and most needy side of our brother-man to which you and I may first come with our message and most helpfully. We must so bring our message to a man that

all the earthiness and impetuosity and other unsanctified qualities of our brother like Simon shall be gotten hold of. This is the valuable material for transcendent uses, when we may bring it all to Jesus. Many men seem to me to be preaching not to *Simon*, or even to *Simon-Peter*—which is the name of the half-way house towards the goal; the name of the ore with the gold showing forth plenteously—but they essay to address the *Peter* of this interesting individual. Now, he is, for a good while, in the evolution of this process, and, therefore, a long way off, as he is a long way off in the evolution of any process of grace which comes through our message unto him at the first.

Jesus is always dealing with this alert and ardent man, even in His speech, with a fine regard for his progress from the Simon to the Peter of him. Sometimes, even near to the last day of their association, the man for whom Jesus had done so much relapsed into his old self, as when he went to sleep in the garden. Then Jesus said to him, "*Simon, Simon*, sleepest thou?"—as if He wished to impress upon

him the fact that the old Simon-qualities are the last that ought to slumber in such an hour. So, also, I think we may regard with care the evangelist's statement that Andrew brought *Simon* "to *Jesus*." He did not bring him even to "the Messias, which is, being interpreted, the Christ." Perhaps we fail to bring men to Jesus, just because we try to bring them to some theological conception of Him. Jesus is the very human name, which, upon the lips of the true preacher, makes the minister himself lose all officialism, and brings to the brother-man the picture of our great elder brother who had already so brothered Andrew into the family of God that Andrew, through his brotherliness, had brought Simon to Jesus. We shall reach the divinity through the humanity of Jesus Christ.

The minister's message and method seem to me very simple and very clear. I am willing to risk the danger of men failing to reach Christ, in all His high-priestly relations unto them, if only they may be brought to the man, Jesus; and that is to brother them into the family of the Sons of God. This will

discover to each man his divine sonship. This involves conversion, of course. Simon as *Simon* is nothing but a human "son of Jonas." Jacob, unfound by the Man-Angel with whom he wrestled until the breaking of the day, was only a son of Isaac, and he was "the supplanter." When his thigh was out of joint and the chrysalis of time had yielded forth, in the breaking, a winged and eternal soul, now in brother-relations with mankind whom he had hitherto treated in such an unbrotherly fashion, he was a son of God, and he was renamed properly—"Prince of Israel." This is conversion in the Old Testament. The hint of the incarnation of God in man is given in the "Man-Angel," with whom he wrestled for his true self. So, also, in the New Testament and with Simon. When he is brought to Jesus, Jesus calls forth his divine sonship—that is, his sonship unto God. He begins in him a process of regeneration, by which his sonship unto God is made the supreme thing in and of his character and life. Andrew has done all he can, when he brings his brother man into the

range and radiance of Jesus' brotherhood. Jesus says to him then, "Thou art *Simon*. Thou shalt be *Cephas*, or *Peter*, '*the rock-man*.'" Men are potentially sons of God, as well as sons of their earthly fathers. To bring them to Jesus is to bring them where this sonship divine may be struck out, at the depths of character, and developed to infinite significance. This alone is Christian preaching.

Let us now have done with the words: "commonplace" and "ordinary" in regard to any Andrew. No man who thus begins his ministry, or whose ministry is begun for him in such an experience as Andrew's, can be ordinary or commonplace. The good news, announcing a treaty of peace consummated between two nations, makes the copper wire beneath the waves of ocean as valuable as it is. Your message will exalt the messenger to his true place.

In the presence of Simon Peter, whom he brought to Jesus, and in the presence of Jesus Himself, whose light alone discovers the value of souls, how great any Andrew seems.

He is great, because he did a great thing. Without empire, he annexed more than an empire ; even a creator and ruler of empires he brought to the kingdom of the King of kings. Without genius, he has influenced the world of history as no man who was only a genius has done. What a different world this is, what different pages are in its history, what a different future lies before it, because Andrew brought Simon to Jesus. When he delivered him over to Jesus, the rough and recalcitrant but most rich ore was in the hands of One who should extract all its gold, coin it and make it bear His face forever. Andrew's hand is beneath the structure of our Christian civilization as is that of none of Israel's tyrants. He utters his voice through the trumpet notes of Simon Peter, and sends his influence along the larger movements impelled by that impetuous, noble life.

What a crisis it was in his own religious career, when he waited to take the first step towards his own brother Simon, in the name of Jesus ! His going to him at once settled his own place in history and in glory, and

gave a new turn and stronger impulse to the stream of goodness and truth. The poor Methodist preacher whom Charles H. Spurgeon heard one night was an inferior soul to all but Jesus and history and humanity, for whom he found that mighty man. The poorer monk of the mountain country, whose words roused Savonarola to become a Protestant out of season and a Republican before the time, had the same sort of real greatness. Oh, ye who here start out to be the Andrews of the Church and of the nation, know ye that, by the miracle of a true personality awakening another in the Light of Lights, and by the influence of a message of Truth passing through a true personality, yours is the power to bring a greater soul unto the Truth. This is a revelation of the Godlikeness of man.

LECTURE VII

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE AND ITS COMMUNICATION TO MEN

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I KNOW that this sounds priestly enough; but men will have priests—you or those who have less to communicate unto them. God grant that what we have just found of that which you have to communicate may reach them in power—even in the power of the Highest. I must now condense and proceed rapidly over the interesting realms of thought and conviction as to all themes stretching out before me, considering that I must soon conclude the observations and suggestions to be offered to you in this course of lectures.

I will say, first, that, anticipating and rejoicing in the communication of the Spiritual Life to men, through the life and labours of the minister, the Spiritual Life itself must be supreme and determinative in him, in order that *the pastor's experience* shall have right-

ful place and influence, especially upon his sermon. I say "*experience*" because his life is a life with men, and all officialism must vanish away in the interaction of his brotherliness with that of his fellow men.

Yesterday I attempted to study our message and its origin, by what I hope you will always employ when you are anxious to reach the simplicities and sublimities of any Scripture theme—namely, the method of exposition,—to enforce the consideration that the man who will most likely be effective as a preacher is born out of a Christlike experience with humanity in the closest relation of personality. Now, suppose you have come to be a preacher by some other process. Then you need them all the more, and at once, to justly estimate the value of the pastor's experience with men, in its influence upon your preaching.

A large and deep Spiritual Life will make it certain that the preacher and pastor will not be separated. It has been often said of this or that minister: "He is a great preacher, but he is no pastor;" and there is a way of

speaking, upon the part of the uninstructed youth, which makes one sorry for the speaker, when he says of this or that preacher: "He is a master in the pulpit, and he speaks to so many people and so powerfully, that no one expects him to do pastoral work." Be sure there is a most vicious illusion here. It is an illusion that comes not upon the least amply endowed of us, perhaps. It certainly envelops some of the most promising who seek the pulpit as a throne of influence and blessing. It would not be so sad, if only dullards fancied the pulpit to be safely entered and made effective by one, who, either has no inclination, or thinks he has not time, for shepherding the flock. Some of us who began the ministry with the vocabulary of what is called the "sermon-maker" upon our undisciplined and academic lips, have dropped such words from our vocabularies: and likewise very few of us speak of the shepherding which one finds the satisfaction and reward in doing as "parochial work." It is not work at all, but the joyful expression of a personal Spiritual Life coming out

of one's acquaintance with Jesus, and hurrying to get all humanity acquainted with Him, Who is the life and light of men.

Some of us have sorrowful recollections and many repentances, deep and true, that we ever so slighted and impoverished our pulpit, by agreeing with our poor selves that it is at all possible to create, in the study and pulpit alone, even so unimportant a being as a pulpiteer. As I have hinted, the only thing that will lift you out of this mistake, if you have made it, and are looking towards *preaching* as a function and operation superior to your Christian experience and influence as the brother and friend of those to whom you have spoken or to whom you are yet to speak, is a mightier Spiritual Life in your Christ. You must have that spiritual animation and outgoing, through experienced truth and sanctified brotherliness, which alone, at the first, constituted you a minister, and which will all along make you something more than a maker of sermons, even the best, or a social emissary, even the noblest. This will make you in-

deed a minister of Christ unto His and your brethren.

I have observed for many years that no man, however masterfully he began as a Christian in the pulpit, who has been either unwilling or unable to take in upon his heart and life those tides of human experience with truth which he himself has elicited from his own people and which naturally run towards him, has kept his fresh and early masterfulness. Any slightest study of the subject has shown what he might be now, if these tides had come into his own experience in thought and life. There is a distinct moral weakness which evidences itself in a man's willingness to utter a message, herald a divine truth, or pierce with argument and appeal through some long established habit or false opinion, without being ready to take care of the results, especially if he succeeds. If he does not succeed—what is the worth of preaching? If he does succeed, the consequences are not in his quiet study, or in his echoing pulpit. He has done even the least towards dealing with them manfully when he slips

the sermon from its lovely case, and it is placed along with the rest of the artillery which has been discharged—begging pardon here for any reference to a warrior's life, in a connection which does not reveal the presence of courage!

Admitting that his sermon has been the very best kind of a sermon, the consequences are very human. They are to be found in flesh and blood; they are neither literary, artistic, or even theological results. They tingle with human life, and sometimes bleed. A man who has not the honour to look up, as well as care for, the children born of his life-expression, is certainly lacking lamentably in common morals; the reaction will come upon his own character so seriously, that, by and by, the children of his brain and heart—the ideas and emotions which he generates and sends forth—will be as untrue and lawless as he is. I have known men to accede to the foolish proposition that true preaching may live and grow as something separate from the human life for which it is made, until, in each case, all the human

element which his lofty nature had inherited —that stream of subconscious kindliness that came from his ancestors, and the currents of experience with sin and sorrow, and love and joy upon the part of his comrades, given over to him in earlier life—had vanished from him. All was lost in the sands glittering like his rhetorical movements, and all the more arid because they gleamed under a tropical sun. No amount of argument can instruct a man, who has fallen away from his human brethren, so far that he feels, as I have known preachers to feel, that they must not risk on Wednesday winding their way into the heart of some wretched man's problem to which the door of entrance was found by the preacher in his sermon last Sunday, and for fear the preacher may encounter some aspect of truth, or phase of iniquity, or twist of doubt which might throw him off the track of his proposed advance homiletically, and make it awkward for him to dodge a fresh, commanding, human situation next Sunday morning. Better a hundred times be vitalized by some human

being's clinging and desperate hand, especially if you have inspired him to stretch it out of the dark, even if that hand in its agony of reaching for succour should tear your sermon to pieces. A man is better than a book, to any preacher who sees how wicked is his wickedness in the light of Christ's holiness, or feels how wretched is his spiritual poverty, when men around him are praising his virtues, or knows how puny or shrivelled is his arm to take hold of an athletic angel who is certainly the greatest blessing of his life, if only he would wrestle with him until the breaking of the day.

The true minister, in whom this preacher and pastor have to live together, has no perplexities or worries or pains comparable to those he experiences, when they fall out and persist in having two camps. The preacher in the minister is likeliest to be the jealous one. He loves his cloister for meditation and his study for amplifying and refining his mental product. The pastor of the minister is not so much given to pride of mind, for he has the chastening influence of his fellows,

with whom and against whom he must measure himself, when their need is quickest and his pulses are warmest. He knows how near he is to sinning their worst sin, or falling into their grayest prejudice. He knows also, by the touch of them upon him, how much more they expect of him when he shall suddenly transform himself as the good friend of the men about him, appearing in his other form —the preacher of the next Sunday morning.

This next Sunday's preacher is a being, whom, by the way, the pastor very much reveres, whose jealousy of the pastor's apparently leisurely use of time during this last week has been poignant but is now forgiven, —a being with large opportunities and liberties, such as no other profession or trade permits, and so protected at what used to be called the sacred desk, that no one will deny, or confute, or even ask a question while he delivers to the people, who have been living with this same man as pastor at short range, his latest discourse.

It is amazing how the pastor in us looks up to the preacher in all of us. His latest

discourse—did I say it? So, if it is successful at all in stirring noble emotions, in ripping up as with the plowshare the tough sod of tradition, in softening the soil thus made bare, it will send that same pastor out to see that the seed is planted and the harvest made more sure. Would that the preacher in us always so loyally revered and loved the pastor! Does it not seem a condition of inextricable confusion and monstrous waste of power, when there are two of every minister; one a pastor and one a preacher—and just then you marvelled why I could put the pastor first. Be advised that, when this duplex arrangement is even at its best, it is the minister who is not very far from duplicity, indeed.

There has to be a sort of over-mind in him to decide questions as to the use of time, his prominence as a citizen before the public in order to help them sincerely, and such like, until the over-mind of the Lord God fully possesses the minister, and the eye becomes single and is full of light. Then the matter becomes more simple, for a passion

for spiritual effectiveness will determine his course, all other things being equal.

One surprisingly interesting bit of biography comes to my mind here. One of the chief happinesses of my life was to note the effect of a mighty accession of spiritual power to the soul of the late Dr. George Purvis, the beloved pastor, the eloquent preacher, the mighty minister of God. He passed from being the correct philosophical master of exposition, entreaty, and prophetic power, unto being the rescuer of men, the upbuilder of character from ruins into temples of God, one of the most constantly successful winners of our poor humanity in its lost estate, to its regeneration and sanctification by God's grace, whom I have ever known, or New York ever saw. Successor of John Hall, and a man of scholarly tastes, he went out after his preaching on Sunday and met the results of his preaching in the manifold appearance of them, joy, sorrow, remorse, repentance. A newly wrought courage grasped and was waiting for the next command. All occurrences seemed forms of

the result of true preaching. He met them all, and, profound and exhaustive student as he was—for he was no less a student after he became the Fifth Avenue minister than he was when professor in Princeton Theological Seminary, a few months before,—the minister opened the preacher to the pastor within him, and opened the pastor to the preacher within him. They wrought together in love, and so were held to each other within a comprehensive personality. They were not lost in one another, as we say, but they were found in one another. Men and women struggled on their knees, while this personal friend appealed to God for them in prayer, as the preacher, only a few hours before, had been appealing to them in behalf of God.

There is no greater honour to be offered a human being in this world than to be chosen by God to this holy priesthood, and to be chosen by human beings, when God has been brought near to them by the priesthood which works from above and through the preacher—to be chosen, I say, by human beings, to bear unto God, with sobs

of contrition and cry for personal holiness, the souls and destinies of those whom we love most when we try to help them. A man must live for such power as this, and he can afford to lose everything and suffer everything for the Spiritual Life which gives and keeps for him this privilege. My friend did not get his new power as a preacher from his having resolved on being a pastor, and his having started out to exercise properly the functions of that office. Doubtless even this, in many cases, would be an occasion for the working of God's grace in us towards a better spiritual state. It was not because he had been a professor in Princeton Seminary, and was now going to be a minister in a great metropolitan church, that he underwent this transformation in the minister's life and career. It occurred contrariwise. He went from a church in a large city without an appearance of his possible self in the way of ministerial success; and he became a professor, and, fortunately for the world, his struggle was instant and primary in all its aspects. He struggled

for a deeper spiritual life, for its own sake. When it came, one of the first evidences of its authentic and comprehensive power was the new minister himself, who knew nothing of the envy on the part of the preacher when the pastor took time to find and attend to the results of the preacher's preaching. The man seemed to have been so reconstituted into a personal missionary, whose search for his brethren and whose passion for helping them to God as their sole strength and refuge were new vitalities, that anything he did was knit in vital process to everything that he did, and all that he did was the manifestation of this all-compelling love for Christ and the men whom He came to save.

Now, to pass to an entirely different man: a similar experience was that of my dear successor in Baltimore, Dr. Maltbie Babcock. A predecessor knows something of the human material in the loved church he leaves. He is most interested if his successor shall be blessed with certain desirable consequences of his ministerial activity, to find what is distinctive in him, which enables him

to grow much fruit. "By their fruits ye shall know them," not by their pastoral calls; not even by their sermons. When that sapless mechanic called the sermon-maker, makes what is called "a pastoral call," there is probably less reason to expect anything so natural and living as fruit, than at any other time in the history of our planet. But when a real man, who has all musical instruments in him, whose soul is a diversified landscape sunlit or drenched with the abundant rain from heaven, comes to visit you as your shepherd, then you may be sure these new forces will communicate themselves, as they did in the radiancy and harmoniousness of my friend's religion, with amazing unity of powers. This man who preached like a pastor in the pulpit, because he had touched and known men with the intimacy of love, and who shepherded his people with the appealing warmth and light of the truth which he preached, still burning from his brain as Michelangelo's little candle burned from the socket in which it hung upon his brow—*this man* was indeed re-

sistless, with his Christ who said through His servant, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." I think he had a oneness of self, an utter deliverance from the multitudinous or even manifold interests which make a Babel often within our soul by their self-assertion—a continuity in impact which came from having one thing, and only one thing, to do, and that was to be Christ's minister. Behind the result of his ministration upon the most dissimilar men, and with consequences in the direction of their new religious effectiveness the most different, was the man, filled with God. He thus became a man who ensphered what he held within him so perfectly, that he was a safe and imitable human being wherever he was and whatever he did.

We must acknowledge that in persons entering the pulpit, often with highest hopes and best prospects, an erroneous and almost sinful disproportionateness of interest and emphasis is given to speaking in the pulpit, to preaching. It is given even to sermonizing—which is about the cheapest account of

what is sometimes cheaper than the term itself—in comparison with parochial work, such as requires pastoral visitation, and personal attention to men as men. Labouring with human beings, when one is outside of the pulpit, to bring them into vital relationship with the truths which it is the pulpit's duty and privilege to proclaim, ought not to be thus discounted. What, I ask, will reveal this disproportionateness, and save us from the malady which fosters it in our minds? Nothing, I answer, but a triumphant Spiritual Life within the minister. I bear you witness that, as one's Spiritual Life deepens, it grows appalling for the preacher to realize how much his pulpit has lost, both of the human element and of the divine blessing, by his having forsaken so largely his personal helpfulness to his fellow-mortals.

Our best doctrines fade. It is a strange but insistent fact that those who work even hopefully with mortal beings most constantly, and in full view of the personality of each one,—*these* have most of conviction and illumination and confidence, when they

speak on immortality. It is so with regard to almost every doctrine. We take it out of the pulpit, when we have done our best with it in explanation and proof; and it is not any more vital than our small and strained vitality has made it, or allowed it to be. We take it out, I say now, unto man after man, and humanize it, put its abstract values under a focus of life, with flesh and blood to confront and transform, if possible; then we bring it back, and—this has been my experience—far from being harmed, or marred, or even scratched, it lives, and is henceforth found in us as preachers, pulsing and throbbing with human interests, redolent with life, and vocal with music granted to it by experience. Never may the pulpit disdain human experience.

I cannot now stop to mention the doctrines that are constantly growing weak, and are at last devitalized, because they are only preached. None has kept the uses among men which they involve.

I assure you your shepherding of men will determine your effectiveness as preachers and

deliver you from all debilitating impersonalness as preachers. Your greatest gain will be your sense of personality with an audience —yours and theirs. If you are an eloquent man, your spirituality will have allied itself with your utterance, to make your audience personal. And you can never deal with an audience, unless you deal with them personally. I am sure of this—no minister can deal with an audience personally, inside of the walls of an audience-room, if he does not know how, and if he does not love most to deal with the human person, as he maintains intercourse when he is on intimate terms of friendship, or when he is urging his hostility to evil in his friend's mind without any show of friendliness, and yet with the sincerest friendship—man to man. You will obtain the secret of gathering your audience into a personality, with whom you speak naturally and effectively, only by first and often sitting down with some loved man and learning the art of persuasion there. Let me talk of this, in full view of the fact that I have said something of this element of personality in

the text, and its power of finding the man in you to preach it, or in your finding the text for your discourse. The text for a preacher has the vividness and potency of his personality. An impersonal preacher can take the vitality out of the most glowing text, if he permits his audience to be impersonal. If he does not gather, out of all the human beings before him, some fused and realizable human reality, not *at* whom he preaches, nor *to* whom he preaches, but *with* whom he lives his spiritual life in the discourse, he will not minister to them. He must find and rejoice in the personality of his congregation.

Wendell Phillips said: "A master of eloquence is a gentleman conversing with other gentlemen," and his friend, George William Curtis, tells us he embodied this definition. I have heard him often, and when this gentleman was very fiery; and then, I must say, the people to whom he was speaking might well have doubted if the limits of courteous conversation had not been passed, both by the stormful and sudden thrust like lightning, and the burning of

traditional tinder when the lightning touched it. But *all* must have confessed that, in this drastic and awe-inspiring kind of speech, the old-style oratory was happily transformed by this man, as it was, even more, by Abraham Lincoln. These men knew how to converse with audiences, even at their worst.

I doubt not of these masters of law and persuasion in the Supreme Court of the United States, conversing with the judges, it must be said that they have the best manner of discourse, when each of them is given an opportunity to talk along without interruption by the court, and when he expects a favourable verdict. He is never out of touch with that mood of the court's general mind which might ask a question, and at any time. My father, who was a lawyer, told me often that if I ever reached effectiveness, it must be by first treating my audience as a jury, from whom I ought not to go away without a verdict in favour of my great Client, who, for the moment, had placed His Cause in my hand. He said, also, that I ought to have in mind the counsel on the other side, who,

often, would be more able, who would have the advantage of following me, and who, whether I saw him or not in the audience, was sure to rise up to the consciousness of that jury and argue the other side.

We know what a wholesome effect is produced with respect to a man's pulpit tones, when, for example, some brother arises to say that Dr. Smith is wanted by the friends of a lady dying in yonder street. The pulpit airs and sanctimonious tones—the singsonging, and even the fearful explosives—depart from our speech when a man has to meet the natural current of humanity. No greater than these are the beneficent results which come to us when we are taking our best truth, our most beloved view of things, our finest vision of the future, into personal and hand to hand intimacy with others, and especially with one other. We have to make them real. How much better that they are real! Handling your truth in a friendly manner, or with any truth, in courageous brotherliness in the actual fight for a certain man's safety, will ruin all pretentious proprietorship you may

have seemed to acquire. Such an experience makes one feel how abominable it is to arrogate in order that he may be authoritative.

From all these weaknesses and unto all strength flowing from the fountain of personality, nothing is so sure to deliver you as a rich Spiritual Life, lived lovingly towards your fellow beings, and lived for each one of them personally.

Your ability to communicate the Spiritual Life will depend largely upon the relation of your spiritual growth with your people to their spiritual growth with you. The truest expression of your inner being will be found in the duty and privilege of prayer. In personal association, and in public assemblage, it is yours literally, and, of course, spiritually —that is, by your personality, presence, and atmosphere—to lead in prayer—I like the old phrase, especially as describing the minister's outpouring of his growing life in the leadership of his people.

Yet, I confess, I approach the subject of the minister's prayer as related to his Spiritual Life, as I trust with only the hesitations,

as well as the convictions, which are born of reverence. Just as there is no action of the spirit of a man so premised on infinite realities, and so inevitably concluded in infinite sanctities as that of prayer—so, also, there is no action so capable, in its failure, of profanities. An insincere man will clog the way to God for a whole multitude of sincere men, with his pietistic, but quite unconscious exploiting of his personal insincerities, in public prayer. A true man's prayer is a manifestation of humanity at its truest; and it is one of the most appealing revelations of the truth itself. I have witnessed a skillful rhetorician at prayer, slipping and sliding and falling on icy periods which gleamed and glanced beneath his agile feet. He was successful only when he executed some figures as a skater in triumph. He approached no goal worth while. He was a devotee of cold weather; and we who looked to be led by him, but were only amazed at his most brilliant moment, were nearly frozen. He had chosen the wintry side of the infinite, perforce. On the other hand, I have heard an untutored cobbler

use the old phrase, and seek to "enter the presence-chamber of the Most High," and go on melting everything with his summery soul. I remember him, as he would forget his hardly acquired language of pulpit artistry, and press forward through gates of awe and love, until God Himself seemed to hold him up, while he asked and obtained blessings beyond the measure of his speech or mental girth—and this indeed was prayer. His implied intimacies were adorations. His evident friendship with God was a fact first originated in what God had some time said to him, not in what he had dared to say to God. He had known, in himself, the moment when Jesus said to His disciples: "Henceforth I call you no more servants, but I have called you friends."

As against this power of communicating the Spiritual Life when the Spiritual Life is low, all declarations of nearness to the heavenly throne are as those of one who doth protest too much. They finally echo something of servility, and, at length, much more of venality. Every assumption of intimacy with the

eternal betrays the rags of time. Every display of new-found skill, in the presence of the all-True, only unwinds the skein of the false.

Does it go without needing to be said again and again—that no man will have power in public prayer who has not won power in private devotion? The pathway to God is precisely the pathway which the Christ of God has taken to us. It is the pathway by which He enters into the life of the minister. If it is not trodden constantly, lovingly, and adoringly back to God, by feet which bear up the body of a valorous soldier for goodness, it will become a tangle and even a snare.

The greatest truth is exactly the truth which, if unused, is like the greatest opportunity afforded the Spiritual Life, and is the most fraught with peril. Is there anything more direful, in its sadness, than the moment in public prayer, in which human beings are most desirous of leadership unto God, when the minister has either not found the way of progress Godward, to begin with; or having once set out upon it, perhaps with the aid of a luminous Scripture text, he has lost his way

and the significance of the text as well? To keep going on with phrase after phrase, in the presence of the omnipotent love, and with the trembling interests of human hearts and lives clinging to our wandering verbiage, is a far more disastrous thing to whatever of sincerity there may yet be in us, than even the same sort of manipulating for time, in order that we may haply come within sight of ideas and inspirations, when we have unhappily come upon similar moments in preaching. If it is a serious and just charge against some preaching that it defeats its end, in robbing the minister of self-respect and in making the audience faithless as to him and perhaps his message, because he speaks of experiences, deep and tragic, which involve the secret domains of life to which his consciousness is a total stranger, how much more overwhelming is the weight of the charge against one who, in prayer, in the very face of Jehovah, prattles unctuously—for it is nothing more or less—of religious experiences in repentance, self-reproach, self-sacrifice, and moral confidence which have never

happened in the life of the man then praying. The whole atmosphere of such a man gives the lie to his profanity. But, on the contrary, when one's total self has been rescued from the invasion and ruin of sin, when the shadow of one's past sin haunts the present morning with its horror and yet dares not to venture in upon one's precious daytime, how certainly and with what buoyancy and charm of personal faithfulness his prayer to God for others institutes within them, by blessed contagion, a life of faith. The crises in our own lives,—they alone will give us an eye manward for seeing the crises in the lives of others; and the fact that we have looked Godward when crises have occurred in our lives will give us an eye Godward, discerning the coming from afar of the God who answers prayer. We build our smoke-stack very high, in order that the furnace may have the best draft; and the Spiritual Life must be very lofty, if the breath of prayer going upward shall serve to intensify the heat which life needs for all its purposes.

The best prayer, of course, for us to study,

in order that we may have the right point of view, and be assured of that progress of ideas and hopes of a spirit which receives power from God, as well as that preparation of the soul for all the experiences of divine education, is the prayer of our Lord. Never let your prayer be a running comment on the Lord's Prayer. Let its spirit, and the development of the vision of Jesus within its petitions, be all yours. Once enshrined in your Spiritual Life, its glow and expanding truth will make impossible any temporary accommodations of its appeal to God, in behalf of the petty occasionalism of our life. Place yourself unreservedly in loving discipleship, under the leadership of Him who will lead you constantly to the mountain of His own transfiguration. There again Jesus teaches us what must occur in every true prayer. His prayer brings him into communion with great souls. Every church service, through hymn and anthem, praise, and preaching, and prayer, ought to be a transfiguration of the Lord Jesus. His life was the greatest of prayers to

God. His life in our church service will make all its moments moments of prayer, and we will be in the neighbourhood of great souls of all ages—souls like Moses and Elias who appeared in the glory of Christ—He does not appear in the glory of them. Finally, they depart and we see Jesus only. It has been a great Christian service.

The natural foundation of religion has been in sight of science and philosophy for some time. Rather unwillingly has the Church at last found that the true position of religion in its influence in the world depends upon our acknowledging this natural basis in the nature and potencies of the human soul. Such men as Sir Oliver Lodge, David Ramsey, and Dr. Hyslop represent the fields of medical science, psychology, and philosophy, which were mapped out roughly by the genius of Clerk Maxwell, and the lips of the most unassailable learning and culture now move with the invitation and exhortation—"Let us pray." So long as it was doubtful if man has a soul, or is a soul living in a body, it was perhaps unscientific to sing,—"Prayer

is the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed," and "the motion of the heavenly fire that trembles in the breast." But now we see that it would be nearly impossible to state the facts and forces of human nature more accurately than in these old and familiar words. Christian prayer will always have its own ample sky and its awful deeps within. Deep will continue to call unto deep; sanctity and strength will continue to meet in the issues and experiences of prayer.

The Christian minister leading a congregation in prayer is certainly an unique object for earth and heaven, because of the grandeur of his aims and the unconscious nobility of his undertaking. If one should stop to think of the multitude of capacities that are to be voiced, of the throng of unheard-of possibilities which are to be discovered and uncovered, of the numberless tracts of being within any congregation which is to be sensitized and divinized, in a prayer that may utter any part of the spiritual yearning found there, one would be stricken with silence. But the minister must think not of these, enchanting and expansive

as his thinking comes to be on such a theme. He must think of the God he himself has seen upon the Great White Throne, above all this territory, and he must know in his own otherwise poor life that each of these needy sections of immortal being has its undoubtable reason for being, and that its home is in God. The minister must be surcharged with the conviction, illuminated and quickened in the experience of his own prayerful life, that "only the infinite pity is equal to the infinite pathos of human life," as the author of "John Inglesant" has told us, and that any cry to the All-Pitiful cannot fail.

An absorbing sense of the unity of the universe under God ; a persuasion that man is at his highest in prayer ; that man who is highest cannot fail at his highest, and that, therefore, prayer is the normal exchange of values between the child and the Father, the soul and its God—this fine conclusion must consecrate and enshrine all his prayer. It is a fact to be lamented that our prayers are so little Christian. That is, that they have so little of the spirit of soul-sacrifice in them. We underes-

timate, as we pray, what has been spoken of as the value of the passive virtues. Even the best of us is likely to sing, like the Abt Vogler of Robert Browning, only so far as the words go :

> " Well, it is earth with me ; silence resumes her reign :
> I will be patient and proud, and soberly acquiesce,"

as if to "acquiesce" with God is something less than a very great and ennobling act.

I have questioned, if there is, especially in modern literature, a less consciously wrought or a more sincerely achieved presentation of true praying than this. This man is like many a man in your congregation ; and for him you would pray. Why ? He has failed with the sublimities all around him. This is the tragedy of most men's failures. He is one of those men whose purpose in life is beyond their performance. They have had aspirations beyond achievements ; but the man's struggle is distinctly Christian. The inner minstrelsy of his nature has been turned loose by a vision of God ; and the righteous mind

feels that his circumstances must not turn in and engulf him. You think of him, in your prayer, also. Your poor fellow, bowed with his failure, has no such eloquence of verse as Abt Vogler with Browning; but he has an experience, as a Christian, which leads him to believe that which is, at root, this,—that the Cross of Calvary has turned out to be the throne of Christ. Why should he, who has a Browning for poetizing him, seek in vain for you to voice him in prayer? All these things which are crosses "are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard"; and we believe that it is "enough that He heard it once," and "we shall hear it by and by." There is no theological language here, I admit, but we know that this is the true psychology of prayer.

Every minister knows when a man in circumstances similar to his own, however limited may be his intellectual range, is in search of the keys, as was Abt Vogler. The greatest answer to his greatest prayer is the gift of the keys. Later on, he will find the "C major" of this life; but all he asks of

God is the expression of his powers through adequate instrumentalities; then he is one of those who say, "We are workers together with God." We must never miss our privilege of serving such a man, and his God, in our prayer for him, which must be our prayer with him.

Jesus Himself had the divine power of acquiescing humanly in God's program; He could do His Father's will so willingly as to expand His personality with the inner presence of God, and say—"I and the Father are One." By the misapprehension of a low Spiritual Life and its feebleness fundamentally, we underestimate the precious gift of suffering and the increase of power which comes by bearing, rather than doing. The prayers of a Christian minister ought never to be frantic or indolent announcements to God of our efforts to escape the heroic in human life. An age, like ours, which is so set upon doing and having, rather than being, will offer no high place for one who is the minister to a mind diseased in this way. Let us be superior to our age, and each make his

own place. Pulpit power is of all things the most destructive of manly tissue and womanly patience, when it confesses the unsatisfactoriness of life's content as to the balance of energies, good and bad, and runs even to heaven and the throne of God as a last resort. Power in the pulpit must unfold and set forth, not in the form of a catalogue, but by a flash of the interior flame, kindled from above, the riches of the human soul and its resources in the God to Whom we pray.

Many a man has been led by the prayers of Thomas Guthrie or George Dawson of Birmingham, for examples, to find that he had no business, because it was not worthy of a man, to ask God for something whose tattered phrase was about to be spoken by his own lips. Then and there, he felt he had something more valuable in the new light which made the whole congregation richer by similar self-discovery. The tremendous spiritual resource of Baldwin Brown always seemed to me to disclose itself in his prayer. He was the most willing of all souls to get

on with what God had appointed for him. Apparently, he had no doubt whatever of the validity and wisdom of the divine program; and this was basic in his prayer for the people. He seemed to be reverently, obediently, yet aspiringly looking that program over and investigating joyfully the beneficences of God's plan for every one of them. One could learn much from Hugh Price Hughes, also, who could lift a congregation so completely into the light of God that men were constantly saying to their own hearts, "Well, we can get along without this and that, if we can only live in this light, where we see things as they really are"; and his nature enforced its rapid and revealing quality upon his praying, so that, in its brevity, his prayer conveyed a teaching which was more powerful than that of his sermon, fine and uplifting as it was ordinarily.

Joseph Parker greatly inspired and continually exalted the Spiritual Life of his people by prayers falsely called extempore, for they were the blossoms of his own advancing Spiritual Life—prayers which were

eminently Christian from another point of view. He had a power unsurpassed, so far as I know, springing from a sympathy which *felt* so much farther than his intellect could *see*—a power of discovering the soul of his friend to himself and compelling him to seek, beyond his own meagre method of treatment, for the difficulty pressing upon him, for God's idea and method. Two years of acquaintance with his work, as one may see it from all points, and in a manner which could not possibly have brought him to me in a less self-revealing mood than that of the man of spiritual power, above all else, have given the thirty years of my ministry a recollection of what it is and ever must be to pray, as the minister who deeply loves men must ever pray with them and for them. This is perhaps not altogether a gift, though it seemed one of the many and the choicest in this man's treasure-house of powers. The truth is, he was leading his people, just in the way and by the same motives as Christ was leading him, all the while in prayer. The whole life of Jesus was the expression of His prayerful

nature. The tendrils of His spirit were running Father-ward; and even His vocabulary, like the leaves, was seasonal as nature's growth, and always it was heavy with dews and rain from above. As Jesus carries the soul of His servant who is "with Christ, in God," on and on, into the heart of the infinite Fatherhood, so the trustful and Christ-born man in the ministry has Christ's own experience. Beginning to pray that he may be delivered from drinking the cup; then, his sincere and open soul, so pliable and receptive to God's purpose, appealing in what was Christ's and is his life's one long prayer by saying, "Not mine, but Thy will be done." This is indeed ministerial praying.

It is the High Priest's most glorious function truly exercised. Let us not be afraid to be priestly in this way. He who is Christ's follower here has carried into the Holy of Holies something more than the ancient High Priest could know. He has carried into the Holy of Holies what our High Priest, the Christ, takes from his weak hands; and Jesus presents it to His Father—the dearest

thing this side of the divine Fatherhood—the human soul.

Of course, I do not mean that these reactions upon our ability to heroically live our lives, which affect us less, because we get what we ask for in prayer, than because we become able to do without what would be mere props to an ability to stand alone in God's name, are all or even the larger portion of the effect of praying. We have desires that must be answered by something not less than a loftier quality acquired to do without them, even while we pray. We have wants which are indubitable, demands which do not fade away, because our wishes, which we even mistake for wants, are lost sight of as we pray. We see the shell and husk which are cast aside, but we must not underestimate the same circulation between the lower and the higher—the life-current between the plant and the sun—which goes on in nature. If a minister's own Spiritual Life is the gratification of a series of wishes only, his power will never disclose a vital point; and it is quite as much the mission of prayer

to deepen and describe to one's own consciousness a genuine spiritual want, as it is to plead for its satisfaction. Men never know how deep the sky is above them until they have revealed to them the depth of an inverted sky beneath, on which they have set sail. Let no prayer be supposed valid for human nature which echoes the shallows, while indeed the deeps are dumb. To change the figure, let no public prayer be considered less than an influence hostile to man's greatest self-attainment and joy, which does not sink the shaft into the mother-vein of all his hard and hidden ore, and also find the dens of wild beasts which must be exterminated, while, in the wilderness, he works that vein. The desirable mind of prayer, here suggested by contrast, will never come, except as the expression God-ward of a personal life which identifies the hopes and aspirations, and loves, and griefs, and remorses of others with one's own, at the deepest level of his problem of life, and gives them voice.

If we agree that the minister is the minstrel

of the soul, through his preaching and personal exercise of brotherliness to all humanity, revealing its stringed and vibratory harmonies under his strong and sure touch, much more is he, in prayer, the soul's friend who liberates unheard-of melodies which we know are sweeter than those which are heard. Who am I, at the moment as a true minister of God to any soul which takes me into companionship with him to pray, save his interpreter to Almighty Love?

I have spoken of the influence of the higher Spiritual Life upon the doctrines of our religion which are highest. All of these doctrines will appear and reappear in the prayer of the ministry, and if it is true that the minister is the true minstrel of the soul, we may see why it is also true that minstrelsy in the church and prayer is always evangelic, positive, and resonant with the doctrines of grace. It is almost as hard to pray real heresy as it is to sing it. It is quite as impossible to sing agnosticism, and, most of all, is it impossible to sing atheism, and for the same reasons. There

is no alliance between them and prayer; a godless world has no prayer; a world with its supreme power unknown and unknowable, even to the experience of faith, has no altars and no choir and chorus to originate, stimulate and enrich prayer.

So, beginning with the doctrine of God, which is to be maintained only by a life in and with God, we find our minister always Christlike in his vision of those with whom he prays, for whom he prays; seeing men and their destiny involved always in the purpose and movement and self-revelation of God.

The reaction of the prayerful life upon all the doctrines to which one is attached, because their truthfulness has made him true, is incalculable. The Being to whom one is willing to pray, with the lives and destinies of others upon his heart, must be no less than the living God, for the preacher's theology. The Being who stands behind and shines through his appeal must be God Himself, as He was and is the Being of beings within the minister's mind, His presence dis-

covering the godlike in the ruins of human nature with which the minister delights to work. It is a loss irremediable, when there occurs in the minister's mind, as he discourses, a theistic dualism—the man preaching to the people—as a soul having a God different from the God of the man praying for the people. It is not the old dualism between Ormuzd and Ahriman, which is too crass to harm much, but it is a partially realized *di-Theism* which is worse than any tri-Theism. Then, fortunately, the heart of the people often shows how much more holy and yet tender, how much more sublime and yet near, is the God of our minister's prayers than the God of his sermons. If there must be a difference in your vagrant deliberations, enshrine your best vision, as you probably must, in prayer, and speak forth its beauty there.

Prayer will compel stricter honesties and deeper reverences than sermon-making, even than the preaching of the Gospel. *Praying the Gospel* depends primarily upon the realization of the life of God in your humanity, according to the law and method,

and through incarnation. Let nothing lead you to forget that a Christian prayer is Christ's life, first revealed *in* you and then revealed *by* you; and no man goeth up into heaven but he that came down out of heaven. Prayer is a manifestation of God from above, first, in the soul—the vision of God, one's experience with God, revealing the nature of God in humanity. Therefore, when prayer is true, this revealment of God which it is goes back to heaven, and in obedience to gravitations which pull from above, like the Christ of God. The soul of man realizes, in its life, that true prayer has its beginning and end in God. Let our doctrine of God know the reactions of our praying unto God, and all will be well.

I might go on to speak at length, in this same way, about the doctrine of atonement and the relation of our view of the Scriptures to prayer. This much must be said concerning one's doctrine of the atonement—that its genuineness, livableness, and self-evidencing practicalness, will give such colour to one's prayers, when one has his congregation

living or dying in one's own heart, that nothing but what our Spiritual Life validates in this respect can be seriously entertained in the mind.

In our current view of the atonement in Christ as the staple of Gospel preaching, and the spiritual encouragement it gives in our praying, it is not so much that the Bible tells us this is true, though that means something, as it is that human nature under divine influence should speak as it does. It is not so much that constituted authorities, assemblies, and conventions say so; it is not so much because professors of Christian dogmatics have concluded that the completeness of the theological system requires something more than has been insisted upon, as it is that the soul of humanity at its truest moments seizes, for its way of approach to God, upon a path which our theology has not duly emphasized, that makes it true in us and for us. Man's prayer, as the utterance of his broken heart in the midst of the severe crises of his life, has enlarged, while it has conserved, his theology. At least, it has

vivified an old truth of the atonement. So much it has done, and will do, with all the doctrines of faith.

The Spiritual Life born anew out of sorrow, trained by the culture of the Cross of Jesus, is never so evangelical, nor does it ever so richly present the truths which are to constitute the rising orthodoxy, than when it experiences new Truth, or a Truth that is new to its own consciousness. Indeed, usually that which is often called "new truth" is only a revivification of old truth—old truth, which has been neglected and has partially perished, as yonder tree, planted in time of the stream's fullness and then had its roots touched by the river, now dies in the time when the river-bed is dry. There were required the new impulses of a Spiritual Life developed in new crises to re-present the forgotten truth.

The most impressive illustration of this, which I remember, is a double one. It comes from the Christian experience of two of my friends. The one, Dr. George Matheson, author of the hymn, "O Love That Will

Not Let Me Go," the other, Dr. William R. Harper, educator and leader of men here, the spiritual and intellectual founder and guide of the University of Chicago. The story of Matheson's blindness and the origin of this precious hymn are known everywhere. It is not usually known, however, that this, like every such spiritual achievement, came from the necessity of his soul's unfolding for a vision of God and His ways which would answer to the difficulty and pain which had then come to him. Such an experience, as sincerely accepted as it is looked into, must lead any mind beyond the ordinary statement of the truth of atonement by the Cross and at the Cross of Jesus. A life without a cross of its own will never sing:

> "O cross that liftest up my head,
> I dare not ask to fly from thee."

A life honestly dealing with a personal cross, such as this, must sing this truth in its prayer, above all others. A man who has not found out instantly, on revering his own personal cross, that to fly from it means to fly from his

truer life, inasmuch as it has the secret of power of his truer life within it, has never called upon the resources of the Spiritual Life in the way George Matheson called upon them as he prayed. Only our own crosses will enable us to understand what Jesus meant when He said: "Take up thy cross and follow Me," and what the apostle meant when he said: "Whereof I Paul am made a minister; who now rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for His body's sake, which is the Church." The Cross of Christ is unique, of course. It is unique as Jesus is, because He is our representative humanity. The Cross of Jesus makes sacred our crosses. It lends to them the secret of its power. We behold what the Cross of Jesus did for Jesus in its enthroning Him, through making the "captain of our salvation perfect through sufferings." So, we come into the right valuation of our own Calvary and our sufferings there.

When Dr. Harper was passing hence, through long and agonizing months, it was

mine to bring to him often this truth so freshly restated by the Scotch scholar and mystic. Let no one dream, for a moment, that Dr. Harper's most radical views of the nature of the Bible and the true method of its interpretation underwent any change. It was distinctly through his larger faith in God's natural method of working through the Spiritual Life of the humanity of the olden time and of all time, that he grasped this, which we may well call the most sadly neglected truth of all-atoning grace. His deeper and larger Spiritual Life simply expelled from itself all dry formularies, and, in this personal experience through his own cross, with all the frustration of his brilliant hopes and all the crushing disappointments of his heart regarding his work on earth, God and His word came to the rescue through the completion of a faith such as, in any of us, is never satisfied, in the face of such calamities, unfulfilled with this vision. I never believed more in the grandeur of those determinations which the Spiritual Life alone must make, as to the largeness and depth of any living orthodoxy

than when, with the towers of the University unfinished and his glorious prime and maturity apparently quenched out from earth's vision and influence, his lips moved with joy, and his heart repeated with my own George Matheson's words :

"O cross that liftest up my head,
I do not ask to fly from thee ;
I lay in dust, life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red,
Life that shall endless be."

LECTURE VIII

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE AND THE MINISTER'S POWER

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AFTER all, the quality and force of the Spiritual Life which is ours will be rightly judged and known, here and elsewhere, by the kind of humanity we help to upbuild. The one result which is worth while—such is the determination of the Spiritual Life of the Christian minister—is Christlike manhood. Not the multitude of pastoral calls, not a vast congregation or a long roll of church-members, not even the greatest sermon is of such importance, or worth, as is the tiniest increment of personal sanctity. And as for the great sermon—it is never even a great sermon unless its aim is to produce manhood; and it hits the mark only in exalted human character. So our preaching and pastoral service for men must, first, have Christ's fine regard for whatever power for self-help there may be yet in any

man—a potency from which no man ought to be separated. When the *Teutonic* was on that memorable voyage whose March storm nearly sent her to the bottom of the Atlantic, her man at the watch descried in the fog a hapless schooner off the Grand Banks. It appeared that nothing was left of her rigging; and she plunged aimlessly about with the violence of the tempest. Soon a signal of distress was visible, and two sailors were seen hanging to her broken hatchway. The great *Teutonic* then reminded one of a magnificently endowed Christian, ardent for that triumph of the ministry which begins in self-forgetfulness, generous love, and ends in rescue.

How splendid it is, and yet, often and here, how inefficient! As the *Teutonic* got near, lifted above the craft tossed by the mighty and swift seas, her very power and greatness were against her enterprise of saving. She could not approach closely enough to save without smiting and engulfing the bark and the wretched men still aboard of her. Her life-boats were lowered, after being superbly manned; and almost as speedily

they were dashed back against the ship from which it was impossible for them to get away. Then it was that the captain saw the little dory still fast to the ship which was now rapidly breaking up. The dizzied and drenched sailors had forgotten all about that little dory. The *Teutonic's* captain surrendered his first plans and his engaging method of their salvation. He shouted through mist and blast to them: "Take to the dory and come to us."

It is an affair of personal character, perhaps the finest deposit, but certainly the result of a certain most genuine Spiritual Life intent upon the one thing—the affair of saving—which behaves thus wisely and well. Not a sermonic result, but the human result,—his heart and eye on *that*—enables a man, in such a moment, to throw every cherished plan or ambition to the winds which howl about him, and adopt freely and joyously the one unanticipated, but now evident, method of saving his brothers. The larger the *Teutonic*, the more certain it is that the men on the bark must take to the dory and come to the greater boat. Not to press this illustra-

tion too far, we must recognize in the life of the minister, devoted to the salvation of men, that there is nothing more wise, tender, and distinctly loyal to the higher values of human personality, which we would help in every crisis like this, than the evoking, by admonition or command, of every atom of power and opportunity or self-help which our most loved but apparently helpless brother possesses. "Take to the dory and come to us" —this is the call.

The greatest preachers of divine grace I have ever known have been the preachers also of what we call "works." We are "saved by faith alone, but the faith is not alone." The power to stimulate the confidence which sends the current of newly acquired vitality, caught from our own, along the nerveless sinews and through the very bones of a man who needs to be rescued, so that he instantly does all he can for himself and develops, in his being saved, a power which makes him all the more worth saving —this wonderful ability to see when the word is to be spoken, and to speak the word en-

couragingly and even commandingly, is the accomplishment of a vigorous, elastic Spiritual Life, which comprehends and focalizes all the faculties of the soul and sends their total wisdom at once to the solution of the problem.

There is nothing that needs to be repeated to our present ministry more often than the saying of Novalis, which has been repeated by George Eliot in another form: "Character is educated will." The will is supreme at the instant when action is before the personality; and it is just there that the true minister of Christ must get his sermon and his shepherding in touch with men, to upbuild them. I know of nothing, save the Christ Himself—let me speak it reverently—in the hands of the minister, which may take a will-less solution of the various component elements which we find in every human character, and, by the presence of Christ introduced in this unorganized solution, so human and yet so impotent, create a will, or recreate all this which is so formless into the form of character.

Enter into the chemical laboratory with me for a moment. Here is a large glass beaker containing a solution so cloudy and troublous and perhaps unpleasant of odour. Now, nothing can be gotten out of this solution worth while until the process of precipitation and crystallization takes place. Take a glass rod absolutely free from impurity, and let it down into this solution quietly, and lo! the process has begun. From every quarter there come in little, apparently wandering but now strongly attracted forms like atoms, which now huddle around the glass rod, until the crystallization is complete.

But the chemist has been lifting the rod quietly and sympathetically as the process goes on, until, when he lifts the rod out and away, there is a crystal rod which has been formed like the pure, strong rod of crystal around which it was formed. Does not this, in some way, picture for us what is done for our poor will-less humanity by introducing Jesus Christ, God's crystal purity, into the troublous impurity and formlessness of humanity? A man's soul holds a solution

which is trembling and seething throughout with all his little willings, which mean well, but are as nothing for determination. These faint intimations of volition seek aimlessly to associate in a will powerful, true, and pure. They seek after their kind, according to a law of attraction. They would attach themselves to and reorganize themselves around a will. Grace comes from above. Such a will as the Will Supreme, reorganizing life and vanquishing death at Calvary,—the will of God in Christ sympathetically let down, as it were, into the personality,—disturbs at once into precipitation, and commands the moving solution into a process of crystallization by which the many willings, which are so precious and yet so inefficient, come to be a will educated into the form of character. As I see this rod lifted out from the solution, and the crystal creation, or re-creation, standing before me, I seem to hear certain words, and I would speak them with reverence. It was as if the original and pure rod of crystal had said, on departing from the new creation: "It is expedient for you that I go away." A

new will must will for itself, after its own character in Christ.

Of course, both of these considerations suggest to you that all true ministerial power comes out of the Spiritual Life, which is self-effacing and self-forgetting. We must be strong enough in the Lord, and for men, to drop any plan we have once conceived for their sake ; above all, we must rely upon Jesus Christ to create the new character by giving a new will to weak humanity, which shall enable that humanity to endure temptation, overcome difficulties, and fight to the end the good fight of faith. In your sermon, this self-forgetfulness will probably appear along with the unforgetting insight which discovers only the things that *must* be said and that ethical imagination, which is a kind of memory of things to be, and is unfailing in measuring merely intellectual, or emotional, or even volitional forces by their effect upon *the conscience.*

I have not time to say more, at this point, on what has been called the *ability to leave out* everything that is not of supreme impor-

tance in a picture or a sermon, in the interest of all good productions of man's mind at its best. This brings about what it is never by deliberation meant to be, namely, such an *artistic result* as even ministers ought not to disdain. Suffer me first, however, a word with you as to this matter of *the conscience* which, as I have said, is to be affected by certain forces and in a certain way.

The minister of to-morrow will recognize and value the conscience of man, in his preaching, as no minister of yesterday ever did or could. While the modern pulpit has often neglected the conscience, the bar and the court of law are as deeply interested in addressing and relying upon conscience as ever before. Our jurisprudence appeals, for its vitality, to the conscience of our citizenship. No law, to begin with, is forceful as a law, unless it is the utterance of the public conscience. No man would think of overturning our courts of equity, and expect a nation to abide, by advising the assumption upon the part of a jury and the court that the

conscience of man is such a product as the feeble agnosticism of ten or twenty years ago announced it to be. There is a very serious danger that our preached theology and anthropology in regard to the conscience may conspire with the dawdling criminology of our day, and leave right and wrong, and the criminal who assaults the conscience and life of the commonwealth, out of all serious consideration. Such a man as Daniel Webster, thank God, still represents our bar and public order, when he says to court and jury : "A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, duty performed, or duty violated, is still with us, for our happiness or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light our obligations are yet with us. We cannot escape their power, nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close ; and in that scene of inconceivable solemnity, which lies yet farther onward, we shall still find ourselves surrounded

by the consciousness of duty, to pain us wherever it has been violated, and to console us so far as God may have given us grace to perform it." At the bar, with men like Webster, now, in the practice of law, are those who must hold the ethical positions of the mighty past; and they, if not we, are teaching wayward society to aver, with Lowell's straightforwardness:

> "In vain we call old notions fudge,
> And bend our conscience to our dealing:
> The Ten Commandments will not budge,
> And stealing will continue stealing."

If the minister is willing that the bar, or all other organizations of human interests save that of the pulpit, shall maintain the validity of the conscience, he will deservedly lose the respect of men. But not for this reason of his unfortunate isolation only. They will disregard him for the stronger reason—that a conscienceless humanity is a hopeless ruin; and the man who does not address the conscience, reinforce the conscience, and, at length, lay upon the conscience of man such burdens as will drive the guilty soul to Cal-

vary and to Christ's outpoured blood, has no place as a factor in creating or re-creating human civilization.

Literature, which, to be immortal, must be true to facts, has a singularly impressive way of rightening up our thought on these matters; and ultimately, what literature says will be what life has compelled writers of sagacity and insight, as surveyors of life's realm, to say as to what the conscience is and what sin really is. One of our most wise readers of all excellent writers has called attention to the fact that, while Emerson was willing to say somewhat captiously—"The less we have to do with our sins the better," and—"No man can afford to waste his moments on compunctiousness,"—the man in the thick of the fight for a higher civilization has spoken differently. John Morley, for example, who certainly cannot be called an ally or defender of orthodoxy, because of any favourable predilections hitherto published, has said: "Emerson has little to say of that horrid burden and impediment on the soul which the churches call '*sin*,' and which, by what-

ever name we call it, is a very real catastrophe in the moral nature of man." When men like this man of men, in Britain's House of Lords, are struggling for right as against wrong, surely Christ's minister should not mystify the true situation for all men who ought to be strong in the battle.

Dante's circles of flame would have paled and cooled long ago, and the blood on Lady Macbeth's hands would have vanished without incarnadining either the multitudinous seas or the human memory, if sin and conscience were not—as they have been presumed to be—actualities to be regarded seriously. They are not receding factors, or facts, in man's universe; but rather they are advancing in interest and importance, as his life attains nearness to his cherished ideals. The very reward which a Hugo finds for his creation of Jean Valjean—namely, numberless readers and the respect of the moral consciousness of the world—*this* awaits the preacher, who, with equal force and genius, will respect the realities which constitute the perennial message of this novel. It is not

to be expected, however, that any man who has not had personal deliverances from sin and sinning, by having been lifted out of the pit by a Perfect Holiness, will ever address men at their deepest, or speak authoritatively to them at their highest.

Unique and commanding, above that of all others, is the view-point of the Christian minister with respect to this matter of human sin, guiltiness, self-reproach and pain. The Spiritual Life of the minister, in its depths and clearness, will furnish the means and method of estimating, not only the sinfulness of sin, but the possibility and way of salvation from sin, and sanctification through the divine life. It grows by and through his vision of the sinless Christ, who makes for us an estimate, in His own blood, of the sinfulness of sin.

Men talk of preparation for the Gospel ministry! There is no preparation to be mentioned in the same thought or breath, with that which comes of the struggle and victory, not primarily over one's sins, but over *sin and the sinful disposition, in full view of the Sin-Bearer.* It cannot be accomplished nega-

tively, and especially while one is compelled to make two sermons a week, which will satisfy an audience not yet trained to participate, consciously or unconsciously, in what is a searching experience in the minister's life. It means the garden and bloody sweat of Gethsemane, but with Jesus there to help.

Every now and then a man as great as Chalmers has to make his best preparation for the ministry, as did Savonarola, after he has been preaching for years. Nothing so tries out and so often quickly shakes to the foundations a young John Wesley; nothing so "inducts him into his holy office" as this new life of righteousness, thus attained. It often promises to shake to pieces that which we have deemed a fixed series of truths for our preaching,—a series of window-like utterances for the light that shall sweep in for the day, and as well for the light that shall sweep out from within, through the night, making what we call our faith luminous as a cathedral. It even threatens to reduce this whole temple of our solemn preparedness to its real worth in our sight, and to show us that what we

call value is utter valuelessness to any child of humanity who is scarred and stained by sin, broken, and leprous with the invasion of iniquity, unless that child finds the way of light through the Crucified, himself crying out at the altar to which he has crawled, and stretching his poor hand to the priest at the altar, the true minister of that Christ Who hears the otherwise mute appeal. When we have felt all this, and have been glad for the transformation in us, made through the saving of a human being in and by our life with Christ, we know just what our previous preparation for the ministry is worth, and we rejoice in our new estate with God and men.

What a terrible moment it is, in the life of a minister, when some wretched being, with the form of our humanity, crouches before a temptation which he fears and hates, and then comes pleadingly to him, bringing a more vivid sense of moral values, with his more illumined conscience, than the minister himself has! Woe to the preacher who, at that moment, is not commanded, consoled,

and rescued, in this presence, by his vision of the sinlessness and, therefore, moral beautifulness of Jesus!

The sinner has sinned down beneath his blunders as, long before this moment, he has sinned beneath the pleasures of his prodigal days, also; and, having sinned to the very bottom, he finds a certain revolt within him which is the rebound of the soul upward towards its own. There is nothing which he now beholds which makes the original strings of its being vibrate so surely and with such haunting intimations of harmony, as the figure and face of Jesus, Who was and is the all-harmony, for "*He was without sin.*" Now, the minister cannot be a disinterested party when this vision has come and produced conviction and longing, in the mind of that sinner, especially if, by some fortunate or prudent word spoken in this minister's sermon, he himself may have roused this man to the dream and possibility of a new life. Sometimes it is perillous for him to quote from a soul more fluent with God than his own. If even the minister now finds that,

as he preached yesterday, there came into his discourse and out of the Spiritual Life of another, from whom he repeated a certain vigorous passage, quoting it, inviting it in from the side of the sluggish stream of his own lower Spiritual Life as it went on, seeking expression for itself in the sermon, and, by the quotation, letting in a fresher, clearer, and more rapidly progressing stream from the heights above,—if even the minister now has learned, for the first time, that some better Spiritual Life than his own is likely to win such a man as this, whom he is now sincerely trying to help with a helpfulness not altogether satisfactory to himself, surely he is a most interested party on two sides. He may well ask of his own heart and his work as a minister, if a greater Spiritual Life, coming from a more authoritative vision of Jesus within him, might not win for him the responses of many such as this poor creature. He may, and he must, ask how he may get hold of a more pronounced and arresting conception of the reality of sin, as its darkness slidders against the whiteness of Christ's sinlessness,

or even as this was visioned by the mind whose words he quoted.

Wonderful are the blessings of self-forgetfulness, when it comes from an all-absorbing and authoritative ethical ideal—personal and glorious in the sinless Redeemer. It is this self-forgetfulness which never makes the confusion, even in our sermon-writing, or our preaching, or our shepherding—a confusion such as Whistler, the painter, rebuked, when a young lady, who had been labouring upon a canvas, was approached by the artist. He said of her work: "This will not do." "Why," she asserted, "you said to me to *paint as I see*." "Yes," he replied, "I know I did; but you are *seeing as you paint*."

Only the love of Christ, abounding, joyous, and altogether gathering our faculties into its delight, will free us from such illusions. It is an awful thing for a minister to be satisfied in beholding Christ *only* in accord with his habit of preaching about Him, imposing his impoverishing limitations upon Him, and projecting his tone of cynicism upon Him, or half-hiding the otherwise glorious portrait by

and in the shadow and gloom of himself—a shadow and gloom produced, as has been said, "because he has the sun at his back." It is one of the most vivid pictures of Simon Peter's soul when, as he flees from Rome only to meet his Master and His "*Quo Vadis*," we are told that "he strove to think he did his Master's will." Let your Spiritual Life be such an adoration, and with its central and regnant figure, Jesus Christ, so become the very blood circulating through your whole personality, that you become intent upon Christ's errand, seeking to do the thing, for man and with man, which His presence in you intimates must be done by those who constitute now His "body"—His only chosen means of reaching His brothers—with the presence and help of the Holy Spirit,—then, you will be exempted from every petty task, and you will be delivered over to the larger and sweeter service for men and Him.

Then, how appealingly the neediest man holds you by one hand, pulling with his pathetic necessities; while the Christ holds you by the other hand, assuring you of His

power and willingness to meet these necessities, through you. This it is that gives you dignity—a position made by the presence of Christ, with your one hand in His, and the presence of the needy humanity which holds to your other hand and which appeals through you to Him, desperately confident that it must receive its everything through you, from Him.

There can be no greater reward in the thing itself, or in the joy flowing from it, than to make a place for Christ in a human life. For example, you are taking, as I have taken, a pardon to a man in jail. You look through the grating of steel, which has separated him so long from freedom and association with his fellow men. If you can withhold your emotions from the flood that rises in you, you may hear him say, as I have heard him say: "Yes, this is my pardon; but do you know why I am here? I am here, and I have been here so long, because I have not the power to keep me from doing certain things that are lawless and evil. Thank God and you for this

pardon, I say: but I tell you that *I need a friend.* Do you know that I think that if you, who bring me this pardon, would only be my friend, and I could lean up against you and obey the command of your love for me—for I believe you do love me, because you have brought to me this pardon—then, if you would stick to me, I could go out of here safely. Then, you see, this pardon would mean so much more to me and to all whom I love. *Just be my friend,—will you? —so that my pardon may be worth while!*"

Now, if you have had a similar experience in preaching or in shepherding, with any human soul, you know how instantly and commandingly Jesus Christ, the author of the pardon, the only omnipotent Friend, Who, all-wisely and unfailingly, will go, side by side, with the pardoned soul, steps into your place, fills it, and fills all this weak man's whole world, beside, with the infinite majesty, not only of His pardoning love to get him out, but His sanctifying grace and help, to keep him from sinning, and so getting into prison again.

This self-forgetting quality of our Spiritual

Life alone makes us able to treat fairly what else would seem the contrarieties of our Scriptures and the apparent contrarieties of life. There are many statements in the Scriptures, and of first importance to the help of genuine spirituality, which will never be true to us until their truth has been experienced by us. I have witnessed the effort of an immature clergyman to preach on the text, "*And the Lamb shall be their Shepherd.*" He took many precious moments in attempting to clear up the confusion as to metaphor. He said many times, "How may a lamb be a shepherd?" In it all he disclosed how much may be learned only through experience, which no metaphor can teach, or prevent from being true. In spite of any rhetorical offense, any living soul knows that the power which saves a man is the same power that protects and leads and sanctifies him. "The Lamb shall be their Shepherd." Now, this is the experience of all true ministry.

There is a certain set of forces, powerful motives and ideals, which may be named "the Lamb." Redemption is a fact. The

glory and burden of the ministry is the once slain and now enthroned Lamb—the Cross of the Christ whom Paul adored. As soon and as long as one is a proclaimer of the Word of Life, so soon and so long will the music of his speech be the music of redemption to him, through the sacrifice of innocence. But there is something for God's grace to do, with and for human nature, more than just to rescue it, even by redemption, possessed, as His redemption is, with these high spiritual values. Human nature must be shepherded ; and here is the realm of the minister, not as preacher so much as pastor. He can be neither of these until this truth is lived by him. But they are not two men in his own experience. *One*, the man living this Gospel of being redeemed by the Lamb and being also shepherded, comes to have the slain Lamb as the glorious figure in his sermon. The shepherding is as much a matter of consequence as ever anything may be, in the development of character in the preacher. It comes through following out the duty implied in his first address to his fellow man,

and in the following out of that culture of character, which is the setting permanently of moral foundations within him, and the building up of Christian personality—all again implied and prophesied in his first experience of being saved by the sacrifice of the Lamb. This is only an example, but it is to my purpose.

That the divine life is livable in humanity and by humanity is a conviction that has roots in personal experience alone. If a minister is ever to be delivered from unvital ideals and devitalizing effort, it must be by a vitality which is very personal and works with the expulsiveness of a good seed occupying the soil to the exclusion of everything else. A living Gospel in the minister will produce a Gospel for men in and out of every life, and such a Gospel will no more tolerate apologetics in the name of its safety than life will permit any other waste of time. It is its own reason for being and enduring.

The process which is going on in the minister is also working its miracles, and, indeed, repeating the whole life of Christ, from His

birth to His ascension, in the experiences of the minister's people. The growth of minister and his people is their growth together. They have the same food and share one experience of labour and piety, and are so directed by the same forces and towards the same goal, that minister and congregation are perpetually interested in the same things and abide, ever interesting to each other. The impulse of his preaching, the reason for it, and the source of its power—these are as much realizable and realized forces in the lives of the men and women touched by his life, as they are in his own. Let no man, however, take this for granted, if he has not that sort of spiritual vitality which is contagious. An audience knows that he cannot put it into the speech of a community. It requires a pervasive life. The community will feel it quickly enough—when you are, or are becoming sapless and will soon be in the sere and yellow leaf, if there be leaves at all. To keep them from this discovery, leaves may not be hung on the branches of the trees in your orchard. Something must be done for

the roots of the trees, so that fresh leaves will grow there, else they will fade in the mind.

In such a case, your sermons—I venture to use an illustration from my experience—are like some paintings I had to pass by recently. My poor artist friend had no living connection with the live thing called *nature*. In his pictures, the sun always comes too soon; the grass has not yet its diamonds full and ready for effulgent day; his sky says six, when it is only five o'clock on the clover. Painters must be true to earth and sky, for these have a common chronology.

Mr. Beecher never failed in giving his audience refreshment from the nature he touched, for she responded to him as a maiden who has heard a whisper of love. Study the nature which you find in the Bible. It will make your sermons more Biblical than your quoting texts. "Height of the sky? I touch it with my stick." "Whose stick?" I wonder. Never touch the sea or the sky with *your* walking-stick, unless you have the oceanic feeling and a sky of faith. Beneath

the brightness of the sea there must be depth, else the brightness is a glory imposed upon the ocean, not a response of the infinite in the sea to the infinite in the sky. Deep must ever call unto deep, in all art. Some of our recent nature-books have been so reproduced in the form of preaching, that any trick of appearing to be on good terms with nature has worn its welcome out to our audiences. A Thoreau, a John Burroughs, or a Richard Jefferies will hardly do, at second-hand. Tricks cannot achieve the results of real inspiration, any more than the most elaborately wrought of paper roses can yield a drop of pure attar. It is only the reality of feeling, in your speech, that awakes the reality in him who listens to it. Honour your own experience by refusing to steal, or even to imbibe too lawlessly from another. Once I saw the Hypatia of Kingsley, done in marble, by Thornycroft. The difference in portraiture was only this ; she had grown up in Kingsley's soul, whereas, in Thornycroft's, she had been manufactured from Kingsley's experience with her. The moment we appeal to an-

other's experience we cannot create; we only manufacture.

And this leads me to say that there is another thing almost as vicious as stealing, and that is your so getting into debt, to any and all others, who are themselves as dependent for first-hand treasure from God as yourselves, that you must go along through life as debtors only. Delayed payment of just debts, intellectual and moral, involves paying very high interest: yet the gods never take usury. While this is true, let us, by the strength of our spiritual life, so draw from God that, as His children, we may escape the thralldom of debt unto men. If you must get into debt intellectually, get into debt unto God and to the great souls who can afford to carry you. Let us never break the commandment against theft. Small persons practice petty larceny, and abscond with phraseology which pleases them, wherever they may get it. Larger persons practice grand larceny, and take ideas. Nothing will keep you from plagiarism, but the richness of the Spiritual Life, which must ever think and

feel and express itself honestly. The freshness and power of assimilation, that necessity for true expression involved in the opulence of the Spiritual Life, will make it possible for any of you to read the most masterful of men and leave his neighbourhood with nothing, save and except the inspiration of his mastery upon you.

The Spiritual Life alone, whose main interest is God Himself and His redemption of humanity, will guarantee to the mind both the Godward and manward aspects, for example, of Nature, as also of History and Literature and Art. Its flood of interest towards God will exclude from the mind any view of nature which can be put into a sermon only as a piece of mosaic, which denaturalizes everything at once for your congregation. Instead of all this, there comes, by way of the Spiritual Life, through the minds and lives of all, a spiritual movement, a recognition of that which the minstrel brings to the minister for a truer interpretation—the Soul in nature which anticipates the instant:

" When, from this threshold of being, these steps of the Presence, this precinct,
Into the matrix of Life darkly divinely resumed,
Man and his littleness perish, erased like an error and cancelled,
Man and his greatness survive, lost in the greatness of God."

Then take the interest of nature manward. Nothing has made our greatest preachers of any time so competent with natural phenomena and nature's messages to the religious life, as their love of humanity. Remember that their *love of nature* is more than a *love of natural science;* it is a passion more than a study. Every such minister also loves men more than any science dealing with men. Each of them seems to have touched nature with kingly powers of interpretation, and rejoiced ; and then to have looked farther, and said :

" Round the cape of a sudden came the sea,
And the sun looked over the mountain's rim:
And straight was a path of gold for him,
And the need of a world of men for me."

When a minister has become divinely acquainted with the world of men, through the

love of God in Christ Jesus as manifested in the minister's own life, his whole universe, beside physical nature, becomes not only humanized, but divinized. This, first of all, reinforces him with the methods of nature, so that, if his studies bring to his door the persons and events of human history and they throng for recognition or speech in his sermon, *he has a philosophy of history* with which to welcome and entertain them, and to get the best out of each one of them, for the people who are hearing him. The minister's method of studying history, to be either safe for him or helpful to his message and influence among men, must have its source and inspiration in his own Spiritual Life—God's perpetual coming into humanity, which has its supreme illustration in the incarnation of God through Jesus Christ. If a minister is not able to preach this truth, and because he knows its truth in God's life within his own, he can see no unity in history; and there appears again that wretched dualism, which, in the study of history, has made men accustomed to call some of it *sacred* and all

else in man's life-story *profane*. On the other hand, the Spiritual Life authenticates the validity of all one's proper undertakings in the pulpit and out of it. It has its own testimony as to what is safe and wise for a minister to try to do, either as a preacher or pastor. Let him submit to Omnipotence, and undertake the inevitable; the irresistible current of the divine life will invite and bear up what argosies may and ought to move upon its flood. He is in the power of God working in history.

I need not say that, to the strongest of us, this means richer and stronger personal life with men and God. Genius may do without food and fire, but it cannot do without fellowship. Dilettanteism will be the result always, when the elemental presses no longer through our gates for utterance. The artist, in living, speaking and doing, never humours the elemental, as does the dilettante; he submits to it. What makes these true makes it true, also, that helpful preaching is far from all rhapsodical productions of any kind. They betray lack of vitality. Each is the shrill

utterance of decaying emotion, or the tragic farewell-appearance of a vanishing idea.

Always revere and seek personalities, so you can live with the greatest of them in joy and peace. Then you will never substitute a bloodless discourse, on some mighty man or woman of God, for a portrait. Even Sir Joshua's lectures, read in the atmosphere created by such a portrait as he made of Mrs. Siddons, seem like a grammarian's or philologist's discourses on the language in which Shakespeare's Lear enchains our souls to his own. Even his account of himself is talent attempting to record genius.

Live for insight, for form and method are consequent upon insight. The insight which makes Jesus the Master of men may be wonderfully communicated to us—in all these miracles of empowerment. Jesus relies upon the principle of generation and regeneration of the most natural kind—a communal life for Him and us—saying: "I am the vine; ye are the branches." As the same sap fills both vine and branches, so God fills our life, as He filled the life of Jesus. So,

also, we may have hope that, just as the apparent contradictions of truth are swept within one circle of His comprehension, in the form of some promise of His grace, or some command of His conscience, so it is He within us, Who communicates to our natures the comprehensiveness of character in which all the faculties are given life, strength, and unity. There is one representative Man, one complete Man ; not only so far as the universe and history go, but more fundamentally. In Him all things of the human personality consist. The else disorderly and errant faculties, that so often are met within us, only to be vagrant and anarchic within us, will compose, when they are composed by the inner influence of Jesus' presence. This alone will give unity and comprehensiveness to our preaching.

We need to hear our Christ saying to us, as His wounded hand is lifted in benediction over the topics and texts which we have not preached upon, while we turn admiringly to the topics and texts which our partialness of nature and our incompleteness of life have

preached upon so often, thus giving men only a fragment of Gospel: "These things ye ought to have done, and not left the other undone." The minister needs to know that we are as partial, and to that extent untrue, as we are pious and Scriptural, when our Christ has told us, until it has been spoken *within* the depths of our very souls, some *one* truth which, for the reason of our personal incompleteness, we accept to the exclusion of another equally important. We need to hear Him tell us the "*also*" truth. "He saith unto them, *again*." We do not need to compromise as between these apparently antagonistic ideas, or as between many, or with the many seeming oppositions in Christian teaching. They cannot be *compromised;* they must be *comprehended* in our life, as they are in the life of the Christ, and in His message.

The end to which all these efficiencies, consequential upon depth and strength and richness of the Spiritual Life, must be obedient is, of course, ministerial effectiveness. Shall your sermon be shorter or longer? The age

says it must be shorter; but I notice that the age is determined, nevertheless, and indeed, above all, to get itself and its baggage from the terminus "*a quo*" to the terminus "*ad quem*"—I shall say from Chicago to New York. Nobody has been foolish enough to attempt to shorten the distance; the number of miles remains the same between the cities; the space and the scenery will be there when our fifteen or eighteen hour train has made way for the aeroplane. Even then the scenery and the space will lie there, below our speed. What our congregation really wishes is what the man who hastens between these two cities wishes—to get to his destination as soon as possible. The destination and the distance he cannot, or will not, change. What does it mean? It means a road-bed like rock; ties tougher and sounder; flawless rails of steel for track, heavier and of unquestioned fineness and strength. If this were all, in the preacher's case, he might do without a stronger and finer Spiritual Life, but the railway also must have a better engine. Fiercer flames in the

fire-box, cylinders and condensers of higher potency and every wheel and screw of infallible security—all these the mightier mechanism demands. The short sermon, if it is to take the hearers of it safely from one point to another, and not merely go part way, or to jump the track, means for each of this sort of "train of thought" and road,—Spiritual Life of a far higher quality.

Let me speak of another of these, which are called "little things." If they seem little things, let me again assure you that they are great enough to defend our vineyard from "the little foxes which destroy the vines."

The Spiritual Life will do as much for you in granting you the quality of courtesy, with all it involves of knightliness and grace. Christianity is indeed "a compliment to human nature." Be sure that you treat all men, in the light of their possibilities. If a man looks at other men, in all their prose, as poems in the making under the influence of rhythmic influences, he is likely to realize how far graciousness of manner and generosity of treatment may go to make these other lives at

least worth living. Old Thomas Decker has told us that Jesus was the "first true gentleman that ever breathed." It is not irreverence that speaks of our Christ as "God Almighty's Gentleman." Let us not be fearful that these make Him less divine. His manliness is the power within us, to quicken our own and foster it. His gentleness is the genial climate He brings with Him—a climate celestially adapted to woo harvests out of seeds, and strew hedges with blossoms, and hang clusters of grapes in the forests, and arbours in our otherwise fruitless life. A gentleman, in and out of the pulpit, is the finest and most eloquent of sermons—a whole vital exposition of the Gospel in Christ Jesus, when, with eyes that are windows of character, through which the light pours by day, and out of which the kindled radiance pours through in many-coloured glory at night; with a hand for guidance and blessing, and lips musical with truth and love, he speaks his message. No man is ever a man of truest courtesy until he is of the manner born, in the new-birth. His heart is then at the court of the Highest,

doing homage to Jesus, his Lord, breathing in the chivalry which led Jesus to His cross on Calvary.

Just as the most slavish literalism with regard to the Bible and its authority vanishes before the liberty which comes, along with that higher law of love and liberty which binds every man with a new affection to Truth, through a more spiritual use of the Bible, so the tyranny of ecclesiasticism, or that more perillous tyranny of one's own anarchic disregard of all order, passes away in the more spiritual use we make of our church occasions, even church councils and the like. Then the truths of the Bible run into the new molds offered us by modern scholarship, and the vivification of the ecclesiastical life is so assured that machines go, and processes of growth begin and flourish. The preventive of weakness always is power. Power is the product of life. Only a life's spirituality is successfully set against such pulpit pests, if we may not call them sins, as verbosity, hysteria and disputatiousness. They all come, not from the pulpit itself, but from the

person in the pulpit. They arise from either unhealthful, or fragmentary character. The remedy for them all is spiritual health, holiness, wholeness.

Men are continually mistaking, for example, what is really and only *preservatism* for what they think is very respectable —I mean *conservatism*. The passion for taking dry seeds and labelling them, in order that they may be safe, belongs not to orthodoxy of the Church alone. It never does the work of a true conservative. He conserves who plants the seeds. Here, as elsewhere, extremes meet; and he becomes the true radical. Radicalism—*Radix* meaning "*root*"—is *rootedness*. There, again, you come upon life itself, and all our valuable certitude or confidence feels its way down to this rootedness which goes on and ever on, inside our dim but real secret-places, through a process of life. It is so in all things. Just as the Spiritual Life fosters such growth in a man that there develops an originality in him, or an impulse for originating, accordant with that Spiritual Life's assimilation and trans-

formation of what he touches, so the moderation and poise, which are to "be known of all men," are obtained, not by mechanically slowing down some machinery for the sake of simply running more slowly to meet an extraneous suggestion. It comes of wholesome life-processes, which show that high pressure is disease, and life with its sensitiveness to the load it pulls or bears, is not amenable to whim from without, or any mechanical direction whatsoever.

This kind of moderation in the minister does not cool the heart of his courage. And we must not forget that a certain very high value inheres in that spirituality which today is likely to be too little appreciated, and which alone has the vigour and rigour needed to keep courage alive and to furnish the heroic note, in all our speech and action. The Church is likely to realize that she is comparatively poor in these days; and it is probable that the Church will be poorer in material things, and at length become very poor, before she shall become, in turn, and rightfully, the mistress and ruler of the

treasures of the world. It is certain that the hold which the Church has had upon money and property, throughout her large and rich communion, has not been regarded as well taken; and the easy and comfortable relationship of the pulpit to ill-gotten wealth, in our time of speculation and greed, has been so successfully assailed that, in the ruin of certain quite ancient and honourable theories as to the relation of morality and religion to swollen fortunes, associated with hopeless poverty, many an ecclesiastical rush-light has been made ineffective and many a base compromise has been destroyed. Thus the Church, as a financial institution, will probably become poorer, before she finds in her hand the spiritual power which shall enable her to whip the traders from the temple and appreciate the mite of the poor widow.

This courage to speak, or to be silent both in love and righteousness, must come through a ministry so devoted to spiritual realities that it may follow Him who had not where to lay His head. Rigorous indeed will be the blasts which blow upon the sycophancy and

cowardice of a pulpit, or that of a pastor's voice, where either of these is allied with earthly interests alone. A valid life of the spirit alone will maintain courage and faith.

Even the adjured spirits of the past are on trial. No American thinker to-day would agree with the mightiest figure in the statesmanship of seventy years ago, holding, as he did, that property is the basis or corner-stone of government. Humanity is more than property. Do we stand by this faith? We have been more careful in the Church of our divinity than we have of our humanity; but now, having a clearer conception of the Fatherhood of God, there has sprung out of it, armed for battle, if it shall not be permitted to strew the earth with benedictions, the idea of the Brotherhood of Man. There is no possibility of resisting the advance of this idea, with its inspiration and with its host. It means the downfall of privilege and the extinction of those views of political economy which have been too long regnant, especially among many of the successful adherents of ecclesiastical Christianity. Let not the con-

quering souls of other bands take our crown and sing of any one of Christ's ministers:

"We shall march prospering,—not through his presence;
Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bid aspire."

Perhaps there is nothing in which a minister's work among men indicates the highest values contributed by his own profound spirituality of life, more than the quality and form of the *consolation* he brings. He must be a man of prayer, that he *may* be a shepherd, taking the case of his brothers up to God. He is the man of consolation, bringing the comfort of God from the heights, unto his brothers. How shallow and shadowy is much that we offer to the stricken and broken and sorrowful in the form of consolation! Is there any vocabulary, or any phraseology, which is more vapid or arid than these of the peripatetic purveyor of what he calls Comfort? To answer truly these questions is to put our finger upon the reason for our loquacious incompe-

tence. An unspiritual man whose life has never been comforted by the comfort of God, throughout the far and near realms of his whole nature, will always appear the least helpful of human beings in a time of sorrow. If such an one shall possess the intellect of "the greatest of the Germans," save Luther —I choose, for example, Goethe—and be tangled with the perplexities of a brain which lacked only the pure blood coming from a pure heart, he will never have the comfort men need. Richard Holt Hutton says of Goethe that he was the "man half worshipped as a demigod." The more stupendous the intellect of your minister, the more appalling is his discovery, when all he can offer is his knowledge of "all symptoms of disease, a few alleviations, no remedies." Men may say of him, as Arnold says of Goethe:

> "He took the suffering human race;
> He read each wound, each weakness clear;
> He struck his finger on the place,
> And said: 'Thou ailest here and here.'"

This will not suffice. What will?

There are at least two passages in our Scriptures whose truth must always be in our mind, and its implications be wrought over and over again into our very character, if we shall be able to comfort the comfortless sons of men. "*I will send you another comforter*"—"*Even the Spirit of Truth.*" This is the word of our Master. It describes the Almighty Source with Whom the minister must be acquainted and familiar. Remember that our minister, whose problem we are studying, is the very man who, as I have said, has, by the heightening influence of his preaching, made low satisfactions impossible for his people. Remember that this minister has also removed, let us hope, all removable ignorance as to Truth from the souls of his people, and that he has given them Truth instead. If this be so, the only kind of comfort which now may fitly pass through his hands unto them, in the cleansing acuteness of their woe, is that which comes from the Spirit of Truth. Truth is the light which must break in upon the dolor of their grief. Our comfort for them must come from this—that

Truth's very spirit shall never leave their painful gloom, until it shall have been illuminated, and all its bewildering hieroglyphics interpreted to them. But this Truth is something more than light. "The Life is the light." It has warmth, and is tender and saving. Then we hear Jesus say: "*I am the Truth.*" We no longer try to get life out of mere light.

Truth and comfort are never two differing things in the hands of a man full of the Spirit of Truth, which is the Comforter Whom our Lord Jesus promised. The truths of many a minister are remote, cold, and unapproachable by the emotions; his Comfort also is shy and sentimental; and it will not climb the heights for the discovery of Truth. They must be one, in the generous personal Spiritual Life of the man who would make men truer by the consolations which he brings to them. We all feel desirous to make for the comforting of our people, by the truth we tell them. Here the minister must have help from above. His Truth is the verity of things, discovered in his

own Spiritual Life. It must suffice, as it has, for the agony of death. This is the comfort he brings, that life ever overcomes death. So, also, of any other sorrow, or loss, or pain, or disappointment; and, especially, it is thus with the sorrow of the soul for its sin. The personal Christ, the life of the minister's life, must be man's dearest truth and his surest comfort; and so we have the meaning of the second text: "Blessed be the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by *the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.*" Never undertake to comfort any one except with Truth; and never try to comfort any other human being with any truth which has not first comforted you.

The Christian minister's inspiration and instruction, as well as that illumination which is the first characteristic of all preaching, have never moved more mightily towards influencing and guiding a human personality, than when Savonarola ministered to Michelangelo in Florence. The most convincing of

the many biographers of the painter of the Sistine Dome, John Addington Symonds, tells us that, at a certain critical period of Angelo's life, when this monarch of art had long been under merely literary and æsthetic influences, directed by a splendid prince and his courtiers, Michelangelo fell under very "different influences; and these left a far more lasting impression on his character than the gay festivals and witty sword-combats of the lords of Florence." "In 1491," Symonds goes on to say, "the terrible prophet of coming woes, Savonarola, the searcher of men's hearts, and the remorseless denouncer of pleasant vices, began that Florentine career which ended with his martyrdom in 1498. He had preached in Florence eight years earlier, but on that occasion he passed unnoticed through the crowd. Now he took the whole city by storm. Obeying the magic of his eloquence and the magnetism of his personality, her citizens accepted this Dominican friar as their political leader and moral reformer, when events brought about the expulsion of

the Medici in 1494. Michelangelo was one of his constant listeners at S. Marco and in Duomo. He witnessed those stormy scenes of religious revival and passionate fanaticism which contemporaries have impressively described. The shorthand writer to whom we owe the text of Savonarola's sermons at times breaks off with words like these: 'Here I was so overcome with weeping that I could not go on.' Pico della Mirandola tells that the mere sound of the monk's voice, startling the stillness of the Duomo, thronged through all its space with people, was like a clap of doom; a cold shiver ran through the marrow of his bones, the hairs of his head stood on end while he listened. Another witness reports: 'Those sermons caused such terror, alarm, sobbing, and tears, that every one passed through the streets without speaking, more dead than alive.'

"One of the earliest extant letters of Michelangelo, written from Rome in 1497 to his brother Buonarotti, reveals a vivid interest in Savonarola. He relates the evil rumours spread about the city regarding his

heretical opinions, and alludes to the hostility of Fra Mariano da Genezzano; adding this ironical sentence: 'Therefore he ought by all means to come and prophesy a little in Rome, when afterwards he will be canonized; and so let all his party be of good cheer.' In later years, it is said that the great sculptor read and meditated Savonarola's writings together with the Bible. The apocalyptic thunderings and voices of the Sistine Chapel owe much of their soul-thrilling impressiveness to those studies. Michelet says, not without justice, that the spirit of Savonarola lives again in the frescoes of that vault."

What an evidence is afforded by this episode, in the biography of two great men, as to the spirit and manner of the true minister in upbuilding men! What a testimony as to our possible influence, on a smaller scale, which it is ours to exercise upon human beings! God grant that we may see here something of the consecrated artistry of the minister's calling and opportunities.

Our fathers oft have told us, not always in the interest of Puritanism, that we must not

seek to be artistic, and that a sermon conceived in such an atmosphere as this of Angelo is likely to be overly artistic. On the other hand, there are others who will tell us that we are not artistic enough, and that our sermon is ineffective for the purpose of influencing a lover of beauty as well as truth, because it is a hopelessly inartistic thing. Standing in the presence of Michelangelo and his art,—the man himself, most of all, constituting a gloriously artistic result, surpassing even the artistry of his work on marble or in frescoes,—we cannot fail to see that Savonarola, the preacher, was largely the father of Angelo's art both in life and achievement. More,—for effects must have causes for themselves adequate not only in quantity, but also in quality—he was doubtless as great an artist as any of his contemporaries; as great, if not as illustrious, as Raphael with his pencil, Leonardo with his brush, or Angelo with his chisel. Each of these men expressed a life larger than his own,—a life all-compelling and irresistible. Its expression was the man's career. Savo-

narola, by both the limitations which made the walls, and the affluence of the stream of power rushing between these enclosing walls, expressed himself not in painting, poetry, or sculpture, but in eloquence. Let us not fear fluency—a word which allies itself, in liquidity of movement, with eloquence, when we perceive that any and all of these arts are vital movements of human self-expression which, in itself, is a process of self-attainment. When a spiritual life, in its majesty of content and urgency of expression, is behind and within it all, running onward in order that it may be true to itself, we need not set ourselves forbiddingly against fluency. But there is something more important involved just here.

We still have in mind those persons who fear what they call the artistic, on the one side ; and the others who fear the inartistic, on the other side. The minister, who stands between them, must come from such a study as that of Savonarola in his relations to Michelangelo, made sure of one thing: It is this—that which alone will deliver us from being open either to the charge that we are too artistic, or

to the charge that we are inartistic, is such a manhood through the Spiritual Life as compelled Savonarola's life-expression, all unconsciously, to be a thing of highest art. Never, in such an instance, was there a deliberate endeavour to produce art, as an end. It is not yours to speak here of the "art which conceals art." There was nothing of reasoned-out planfulness, when this painter's instinct chose words, rather than colour, for his life-expression. The achievement rooted itself in the blissful unconsciousness of his absorbing piety and outstanding genius.

We must never fear that the pulpit will have too much of this personal holiness and consecrated faculty which make its sermons things of beauty and even of sublimity. This means art-products,—and there are none nobler, save and except the characters of the men which they are created to inspire and enrich. Obedient to that Truth whom we shall see in His beauty, then, in reason and aim, our true minister must be. He must be, therefore, a loftily-motived man; and his power with men will be first of all his power

with God. I do not mean solely, or even firstly, his power, for example, in prevailing efficacy of prayer as the priest of his fellows; but I mean his power with God—"*along with God*," in and through Christ, in the redemption of the world. This power, which must be yours and mine, is implied in the words: "We are workers together with God." "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself." "We are ambassadors of God," and in that striking phrase of the Old Testament: "The sword of the Lord God and of Gideon." It is the power of a fellowship and partnership, which the weaker has and the stronger gives him for a purpose and use which they are agreed upon. With such associative power, added to the empowering which God, through Christ, so often promises in the multitude of crises, where He says: "I will give you power," or, "Ye shall receive power from on high," our ministry cannot be far from the upper room and its Pentecost. Indeed, Pentecost should be a perpetual experience. We find it so, even now, in the lives of men who do take up

serpents in their efforts to reform men, and yet these ministers are not harmed; and we ought not to be amazed that they first speak with "other tongues, as the Spirit gives them utterance." Now, this is the explanation, if one is needed, of the eminent influence of many a man in our ministry, who is not great as this world accounts greatness, in manifest faculty or in the culture of the schools. But we hear of things celestial, as he preaches to men and lives among them.

Andrea Del Sarto, the faultless painter of Angelo's day, has had his Browning; and it would be well if the Andrea Del Sarto of many a laborious and painstaking pulpit might tell us of his failure, as well, in the presence of the successes of less refined brethren. They nevertheless so achieve, that even this Andrea may be led to say:

> "There burns a truer light of God in them,
> In their vexed beating stuffed and stopped-up brain,
> Heart, or whate'er else, than goes to prompt
> This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand of mine."

An interesting feature of the whole matter is, that the result of their effort, measured by

the power manifested and the power which for uncounted years goes forth from such life and preaching, is like the work of an unknown painter, as compared with Andrea's—it is really the more artistic. Oh, you say again that you do not care for art?—it is of this perishing world and the carnal mind? How little will you care for heaven! My brother, the good and the true and the beautiful are one; and only in Christ are they indivisible, because they are alive in Him. "Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary." The minister, in life and speech, "shall have two staves, and one shall be beauty, and the other bands." "He shall see the King in His beauty,"—that is, if he has been true and good, and especially sufficiently beautiful in life and work to have an eye for beauty when he awakes at morning.

I have paid scant respect to prettiness, because I have insisted upon the supremacy of the Spiritual Life over all, beneath all, in all, and that is always either beautiful or sublime.

We must welcome the criteria of beauty

and sublimity, with the criteria of truth and righteousness. We may see that beauty is sublimity on a small scale, in the Welsh hills, and sublimity is beauty on a large scale, in the Canadian Rockies. It is not something to be said against the life or sermon, but rather in its favour, that it accords, in beauty or sublimity, with Rossetti's "Annunciation," or George Watts' "Isaiah of Jerusalem." These men were very different at points, but Rossetti nursed his youth with Christina on the Gospels, and George Watts, a grandson of Adam Clarke, the Bible commentator, could not escape a Biblical grandeur and loveliness when he painted. It appears odd enough that we praise our religion because it has built Cologne Cathedral, chiselled the Apostles, painted the "Transfiguration of Christ" and "The Last Supper," written "Paradise Lost" and "A Death in the Desert," and sung "The Messiah" and "Parsifal": and yet we are fearful of it when it redeems and sanctifies the art of the orator, in our neighbourhood, as throughout all the world it has rejuvenated all other arts. Be still and fear

not—*be still*, especially, if you do fear. The day of Christian eloquence is coming soon, and when it comes, Angelo, the orator, will preach as he once wrought Moses or David in marble; and, more beautiful if less sublime, the angel faces of Fra Angelico will look out from some Savonarola's sermon now preached, as was his, within the very walls upon which they remain. They shall also speak of their Lord Jesus, as they have, since that morning when the angelical monk touched lineament after lineament for the last time, his tears mingling with his colours while he prayed and painted.

I know what each of you is saying to his own soul while these kingly names and their royal personages come and go, with my concluding utterance. You are saying: "There is nothing of this sort of triumph for me. I shall never come into the lofty region of these men's lives or influence." I straightway, and here, summon you to a battle which is yours and mine,—a battle for the faith in which alone we may, or ought to continue in the Christian ministry—a battle for that faith

in God, the Holy Spirit, Who alone hath power for motive adequate for us—the only faith which will give thee and me self-respect, my brother! Contest, here and now, O my soul, before thou shalt leave this place of prayer and vision, for every inch of the ground which is thine by right. Settle it, once for all, as thou shalt settle all things in and by the Holy Spirit, if thou art to be weak in thyself or strong in the Lord and the power of His might. "Come, let us reason together," saith our God. Let us reason, then, in the words of the humanity to whom we are sent. What, other than this, can be our reasoning? As a matter of fact, a certain obscure Augustin friar, in the town of Faenza, said the word which illuminated the soul of Savonarola, at its crisis, and gave him to the Christian pulpit: "Things and men are the results of causes, and the causes of results." It cannot be that the result upon Savonarola which caused the result upon Michelangelo, which, in turn, caused the limitless result of his art and life upon the world, was wholly dependent upon the material which this mountain-preacher

found in that youth from Farara, Savonarola. You can never estimate the energy which makes for such art of character-finding and molding, by the material furnished to the artist, any more than you can estimate the value of his friend Angelo's "Last Judgment" by the cost of the pigments. What then was the sovereign force? A majestic motive, working in and through the hands of a man, totally dedicated to it and meantime educated by it,—this alone contributed the main value.

Go back then, my soul, but not until thou hast put aside thine own weakness which minifies, and taken hold of God's power in Christ by the Holy Spirit which magnifies human opportunity—back to Angelo's frescoes which are the breath of Savonarola's utterance caught and held upon the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel; back further, to Savonarola's power which is supreme

> "As when some great painter dips
> His pencil in the hues of earthquake and eclipse,"

leaving Florence and all succeeding time with his unfading picture of the all-conquering

Christ;—go back, still further, *back* to the unheralded monk, who touched the young man, Savonarola, and released within his secret soul the only Power in this universe which will decide for us and redeem our human nature from ugliness into beauty, and give it a message which will create herald-lips aglow with divine flame,—go back, farthest back, to the Omnipotent Grace and Crucified Love! My soul must go with thine, my brother, even to this Reality of Realities, lest we cheat ourselves by an underestimate of God in the Spiritual Life, for which I have been pleading here. Having come to this, here at the Cross of God's power, which itself became a ministry only by such an humiliation, we faint not, but must know that, here or yonder, in the squalor and solitude of our least attractive parish, you and I, by the preaching of that Cross, shall discover, for time and eternity, the greatness and glory of the Christian Ministry.

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